CANADA WEST

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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THE VIRGIN'S CRADLE HYMN

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Translated from the Latin

Sleep, sweet babe! my cares beguiling,
Mother sits beside thee smiling,
Sleep, my darling, tenderly!
If thou sleep not, mother mourneth;
Singing, as her wheel she turneth:
Come, soft slumber, balmily.

Drawn by F. De Forest Schook The Exiles— see page 101

MAN-OF-THE-PURPLE-SUN THEY CALLED HIM, FROM THE HOUR IN WHICH THEY HAD SUDDENLY SEEN HIM STANDING UPON THE BRINK OF THE PRECIPICE

CANADA WEST

VOLUME V. DECEMBER NUMBER 2

CHRISTMAS REDIVIVUS

BY JAMES FISHER, K. C.

Illustrated with Photographs of Paintings

CHRISTMAS is not what it used to be. It is better. Bridging the centuries and their confusion of "isms," the teaching of Jesus is to-day once more a truly active principle in our common life. The Sermon on the Mount, standing uninterpreted and in its own simple speech, means more to us as a plain law to live by than it meant to the people of no more than thirty years ago, when creed and form bound the minds of men more closely to outward things than now.

Tacitly or openly, there is a tendency away from "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men," and toward a practice of that kind of charity embodied in the gentle ordinance, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

The Christmas of our time has lost much of its old significance as a religious festival merely. Even its historical aspect has been growing dim. But its animating quality is if anything the more alive, and penetrates more deeply the annual observance. It has come to be a time of genuine kindliness, of the renewal or strengthening of family and social ties, of a larger generosity toward those who walk in darkness, or sit apart under the blight of misfortune.

A trait in men's minds that is neither a sign of the times nor in any way a result of either the higher criticism or the uneasy drift away from old beliefs, is that any man one meets on terms that open confidence, is certain to admit an interest in spiritual things. Not the things that fill their days, but that lie farther within, and exert power upon the outward life.

Painting by Fritz Von Uhde Collection of J. P. Lenox

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT IS TO-DAY A PLAIN LAW TO LIVE BY

One day a young friend said to me: "There is a man I have known a long time as a good fellow in a clean way, a raconteur, and a remarkably successful business operator, from whom I had never heard a word bearing upon religion, or anything like it. During an evening of leisure, passed together in quiet and alone, I asked this man (he had no heirs) what he meant to do with the vast fortune he had built up.

" 'I mean to use it in founding a college in Saskatchewan,' said he, 'where essential Christianity shall be taught. I want to do what I can to assure Western Canada of a class of business men who shall *live* Christianity, not merely profess it. It won't be a church school, nor a religious school in any way. It will be simply a common-sense school of applied Christianity. In doing that, I hope I will have justified my having lived at all.' "

I think this man's purpose instances what I mean when I speak of the immanence of Jesus and the actuality of His influence. It is

Painting by W. Dies

"SON OF THE CARPENTER, RECEIVE THIS GIFT OF MINE"

at work all around us, not only in the beauty and bounty of Christmastide, but everywhere, and at all times, though not always in open view, and never by loud profession. It is pervading more minds than we wot of, is reaching more hearts.

It is not of the kind that bids you, "let your light so shine before

Painting by O. W. Roderstein. Collection of J. P. Lenox

THE TEACHING OF JESUS IS AN ACTIVE PRINCIPLE IN LIFE

men that they shall *see* your good works," but that moves you to *do* good works for their own sake.

It is a softener of pride, a touchstone no wrong can withstand, a prime mover to brotherly helpfulness and breadth of human sympathy. It is the spirit that vaunteth not itself, but in the Christmas time may stretch its hands toward the light, not empty, but bearing in their palms a record of good deeds done unselfishly, and say not only "Glory to God in the Highest," but with glad humility, "Son of the Carpenter, receive this gift of mine."

AN EXPERIMENT IN GOVERNMENT CO-OPERATION

BY KATHERINE HUGHES

Author of "Stories of Father Lacombe," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

ALBERTA, but lately emerged from the role of a frontier territory with picturesque accompaniment of fur trade flotilla and cowboy riders, has become a veritable Land of Promise for the farmer.

There is a story worth the telling in this.

It is scarcely three years since this youngest of Canadian Provinces—"the pick of the basket"—became a political entity with power to direct its own development. Since then wonderful progress has been made in farming; the acreage under cultivation has been more than doubled, while the various branches of mixed farming have been taken up with striking success.

In 1905, at the period of Provincial inauguration, Alberta was still a young Titan with natural forces surging strongly, almost recklessly, and its administration at such a period was a serious responsibility. Its size, its resources, its needs, were immense, as Alberta has the area of an inland empire within its own boundaries. Its possibilities—particularly its agricultural possibilities—are beyond forecast; for while whole regions of the Province are underlaid with coal, while the eastern ridge of the mountains is rich in minerals, and the northern water system teems with fish, farming is bound to be always the dominant industry of the country.

The men at the helm realized this in 1905, and that is why they agreed that one striking feature of their administrative policy should be the maintenance of a thoroughly efficient department of agriculture. Hon. W. T. Finlay, a prominent rancher and farmer of Southern Alberta, was selected to administer this portfolio in the cabinet of Premier Rutherford, and George Harcourt, *B. Sc.*, was chosen to be his deputy. As a practical farmer, as a student and later professor at Canada's leading Agricultural College, and again as editor of the *Northwest Farmer* and field-deputy of the agriculture department in the old Territorial Government, Mr. Harcourt had acquired a wealth of experience and knowledge invaluable to him in the duties of his new office.

After inauguration, the deputy was sent from Regina to Edmonton to organize his department. He took a couple of clerks with him. Within a year the office staff of twenty-six were all busily employed, with men of practical experience at the head of each section. Still others were actively engaged in the field-work of the department, while the whole system ran as smoothly as one of many years' standing. It possessed, however, a strong individuality of its own, and lack of precedent was more than compensated for by free scope for ideas. Some conception of the work before this department may be had from a study of conditions in Alberta.

It is a matter of actual knowledge that the Province contains more than 100,000,000 acres of undeniably fine farm land. Of this only 1,000,000 acres, or one per cent., has yet been broken by the plough. In other words, over 99,000,000 acres of excellent farming land lie still unbroken in virgin richness in Alberta. And each year brings in increasing numbers farmers

eager to try their luck in this land of many lures. From Eastern Canada, the Western States, the British Islands and Continental Europe these people come—none of them acquainted with the exact conditions of farming in Alberta, many of them unused to farming anywhere.

Broken fortunes, the potent cry of "Back to the Land," the lure of the trail into the wilderness, and farms to be had for the asking: these, with other less general influences, are responsible for the large percentage of uninstructed farmers in the West.

INTERIOR OF A PRAIRIE HOME IN ALBERTA

To the newly-organized Department of Agriculture in Alberta in 1905 the first question that presented itself was: "How can we best teach the men coming in here who have not yet had actual experience in farming? How can we most effectively assist and encourage the farmer coming here from other countries where the rainfall is greater or the soil different, for even the best of newcomers have to unlearn under new conditions much that they learned before."

The answer has been written since then in luminous deeds; in capitally-managed creameries, owned by the farmers and operated by the Government creamery staff, which also undertakes to market all the butter produced; in travelling dairy outfits to teach correct butter-making; in the appointment of a Live Stock Commissioner, the only official of the kind in Canada, perhaps in America, and whose duties are to secure better markets for Alberta stock, as will be detailed later; in poultry-fattening stations which are ever-present object lessons in various districts; and in a perfectly organized system of weed-inspection, aiming at weed-destruction.

Then, in addition, there are stock-judging schools, grain-judging schools; Farmers' Institute work for the winter months and at summer fairs; seven fruit-stations; "best farm" competitions; liberal distribution of bounties on coyotes and timber-wolves; a system of hail-insurance and state-aided fairs, conducted annually by the Agricultural Associations. These fairs, it may be added, are all converted into centres of education in which the Department's field-workers, all of them farmer's sons and experts in their various branches, mingle freely with the people, study conditions and devise new plans of work. In every district through which these men pass they possess themselves of all the information to be had, and they will tell Mr. So-and-So just why this yield was deficient and that one splendid; why this flock of poultry failed or that bunch of cattle brought such unsatisfactory prices.

This brief enumeration of a big programme outlines the work of the

IT BELONGS TO A SUCCESSFUL FARMER

system of state-owned elevators.

Considering that with the extensive work of the Agriculture Department, the Government furnishes its own system of rural telephones, and has an exceedingly active programme of education the Alberta farmers making these further demands upon their representatives would seem not easily satisfied. So naturally and confidently do they look for the State's intervention in smoothing away all their obstacles, that they are practically advocates of legislative socialism without realizing it.

As for the Department sympathetically directed by the Honorable Mr. Finlay, and propelled by Mr. Harcourt, their work is not only a vast undertaking at present, but each year sees its inevitable expansion. As yet, Edmonton is practically the "jumping-off place" of civilization in Alberta, but already the field-workers are looking ahead into the wilderness. This summer, by boat and stage and pony-train, two field-workers of the Department made a first excursion several hundred miles distant into the North. They went in as far as Peace River Country, studied vegetable conditions and soil all along the route, and at each mission and trading-post addressed the scattered white and half-breed farmers, who have been settled there for several years

These men were only the advance guard, the heralds of the army of settlers who will push into that country in the next five years, their movement being carefully watched, their efforts encouraged by the vigilant Department at Edmonton.

The farmers settling in Alberta are

Alberta Government in the interests of Agriculture, a work upon which over $320,000 were spent last year, and $470,675, it is estimated, will be spent this year.

Along with this work and supplementing it, there has been a most active campaign of road-making and bridge-building, which is of direct and primary importance to the farmers of the Province. In addition to the work of the Provincial Government, two large experimental farms are maintained in southern and central Alberta. As instituted by Mr. Harcourt at Indian Head, Saskatchewan, there will be farmers' excursions yearly to these points to see at first hand the results of the experiments.

The Government of the Province has promised that an agricultural college will be built as soon as possible. In the meantime, farmers' sons desirous of attending such an institution may be furnished with transportation to either of the two big Colleges in the East or to Manitoba. The farmers are also asking for a pork-packing plant to encourage the hog-raising industry, and for a

found by the Department field-workers and office staff to be very intelligent, quite open-minded and ready to adopt new ideas. The Western Americans are the most adaptable, and when they start with $1,000 or so on a homestead or a purchased farm, they are practically sure to succeed. Next in measure of success is the farmer from Eastern Canada, and then follows a long line of settlers from the British Islands, from Germany, France, Belgium, Russia and Austria. The Germans and Scandinavians are as elsewhere thrifty, industrious and successful; the settlements of the latter along the Canadian Northern Railway line evidences the national taste for dairying.

The Gallician farmers are making good in an admirable way. Last year a travelling dairy was sent through their settlements, teaching the correct method of collecting cream and making butter. Now dairying is not one of the strong points of this race, but their location in central Alberta was particularly well adapted to the industry. Hence the dairy-outfit. The idea attracted them at once. They saw why their own very inferior butter was selling at six and eight cents a pound instead of twenty-five or thirty. The result is that they want two or three creameries, which eventually they will get, and their butter will then bring them in handsome returns

The dairy branch is one of the outstanding features of the Departments' work. It is superintended by Dairy Commissioner Marker, a Danish expert. In the creameries operated by the Government for the farmers, 653,208 pounds of butter were produced last year. It was sold at an average of 23.16 cents per pound. In order not to compete with private dairies, the butter is all sold and shipped out of the Province by the Department's workers. It is marketed principally in British Columbia, Yukon and the Orient. What is sent to the Orient is packed in hermetically sealed tins. A greatly improved standard in butter-making, higher prices and cash payments are the benefits directly accruing to the farmer from these creameries. Each year a large-sized amount is voted in the Legislature for advance monthly payments to the farmers supplying the cream

Another of the good features of the Department's policy is the poultry branch. The dry, steady climate of Alberta is particularly suited to poultry raising, but on all the earlier farms the industry was greatly neglected. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of eggs and poultry are yearly imported into the Province. The Department hopes to alter these conditions soon. Already in two years of its policy regarding poultry, such progress has been made that now there is an appreciable local supply. A few days ago the general manager of the biggest importing company stated that he had to figure now on a goodly-sized home supply before ordering from the East. Three years ago, Alberta's poultry products never entered his calculations.

Five demonstration poultry-fattening stations have been established by the Government. Thousands of birds are fattened here yearly and marketed. The poultry superintendent attends all the poultry shows and has a tent at the summer and autumn fairs. His work there is strictly educational. For, with fattening-crates, brooder houses and other up-to-date models on view he is always accessible to the visiting farmers. So many enquiries were made at these fairs for fuller instruction that A. W. Foley, the Superintendent, has issued a bulletin on the subject—one of such excellence it proved to be that the Ames Agricultural College of Iowa has ordered some scores of copies to be studied in the classes of that institution.

The educational work of the Department at the summer fairs is as expansive as the Farmers' Institute meetings in winter. Besides the tent for demonstration work in poultry-raising, there are the travelling dairy and the weed inspector's tents, at which the Chief Inspector has an instructive exhibit of weeds for the farmers and also meets with the local inspectors. Sessions in domestic science along the lines of Women's Institute meetings were intro-

PERRY BANK CREAMERY
Owned by farmers of Perry Bank district, and operated by the Alberta Government

INTERIOR OF POULTRY BRANCH TENT IN WHICH CLASSES ARE HELD AT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS
FATTENING CRATES, TRAP-NESTS, CHARTS, BROODER HOUSES, ETC., ARE EXHIBITED

duced last year and met with such approval that they will likely be continued this autumn.

Agricultural Societies are aided by the Government with membership grants and a provision of sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. of the prize money, up to $3,000, awarded at their fairs. At the seven fruit stations in the Province, experiments are being made in large and small fruits of the varieties best adapted to each section. Like the poultry-fattening stations these test-places are, under special arrangement, economically located on the farm of some intelligent and industrious farmer.

Recognizing that the quality of each year's crop depends largely upon the seed sown, grain-judging classes are conducted throughout the Province each winter. A railway car is fitted up to display all the varieties of grain and most of the weeds known to the West This car is side-tracked at each station and visited by large numbers of farmers, who are there instructed by experts in the quality of the grain and the system of grading it.

HONORABLE W. T. FINLAY

After diligently comparing fifteen or sixteen grades of grain they know more of the varieties and are less prone to feel they are being cheated by the buyer. Likewise they are more particular in procuring seed. This plan took well with the farmers from its inception, and one result was apparent last autumn in the better understanding of the grading system and the lessening of complaints among the farmers

No reference to the Government's encouragement of grain-growing in the Province would be adequate without mention of the active onslaught which is made on weeds. There is a Chief Weed Inspector—the name sounds odd, but this officer's duties are quite practical and important. Under his supervision are more than fifty local weed inspectors, who vigilantly watch over their districts and warn farmers of the presence of noxious weeds which, according to the statute, he must destroy or be fined

The statute against noxious weeds is carried out vigilantly, yet with a minimum of hardship to the farmer, particularly the new settler. There are four methods of dealing with weeds ordered by the Department, according to the measure of their growth. They may be pulled if in small quantities, or certain fields are ordered to be threshed separately and the straw burned; if very bad with weeds the field must be plowed down early, or when the crop is taken off, the land must lie in summer fallow during the following year. These rules seem rigorous, but they are always enforced with consideration for the farmer.

Stock-judging schools form another branch of the educational work which in the absence of an agricultural college is considered the most practical method of spreading knowledge. This system has the real advantage over a college in that it reaches the older people directly. To the stock-judging schools thousands of dollars' worth of fine stock are brought from various sections, and hundreds of farmers flock to the classes, at which the qualities and conformation of the animals displayed are pointed out and criticized. The classes last from three to four days, and prizes are awarded to the farmers making the most accurate judgments. These schools, as well as the encouragement given to the importation of thorough-

breds, are doing much to raise the standard of stock in the Province.

Official live stock judges, who are in their way educators too, are supplied by the Department for all fairs, for, although the range is passing in Alberta the system of winter feeding is coming in with increased settlement, and it will eventually result in more stock being raised than formerly. This is a decided benefit, as the farmers will maintain a supply the year round instead of rushing shipments in the autumn when prices are low.

Other work undertaken by the Alberta Government is in holding sessions of investigation for the present Pork Commission throughout the Province, to decide what may be done to improve prices and conditions in marketing hogs. The Beef Commission of last year, appointed to enquire into the meat industry, could not find proof of any combine in restraint of trade, but they established without doubt that the industry suffered from lack of competition and limited number of buyers. The Commission recommended the appointment of a Live Stock Commissioner to assist farmers in marketing their stock.

GEORGE HARCOURT B. SC

This appointment has since been made, a prominent and successful farmer, Mr. W. F. Stevens, of Clover Bar, being selected for the difficult position. The new Commissioner will study the chances of markets and buyers at a distance, arrange for several farmers to unite small shipments in order to secure better arrangements, and he will confer with the railway authorities in the interests of farmers individually or in the aggregate.

Nature has provided Alberta with the opportunities for successful stock-raising. The Agriculture Department directs the industry toward a higher standard, and finally the Government appoints a man whose sole work is to secure satisfactory markets and proper transportation for the stock. Nothing would seem to be neglected by this young and active Department, which is run without red tape, with liberal encouragement of good ideas from any source whatever, *and without regard to politics* or suspicion of graft. It is a case of a "bunch" of farmers, educated, expert and practical farmers, with an enthusiastic appreciation of the dignity and value of farming, who administer this branch of the civil service in the best interests of the Alberta farmers. They are selected for their fitness and appointed by the Provincial Government, supplied by it with the necessary funds, and then given practically a free hand to develop their ideas

They allow no side of farm life to escape their attention. Grain-growing, stock-raising and poultry-farming stand out most prominently in their work, but each detail of mixed farming comes in for its share of thought. The latest innovation, supervised by A. A. Craig, B. S. A., Superintendent of Fairs and Institutes, is the "Best Farms' Competition." This will introduce into each district a friendly rivalry in the general maintenance of the farm. It has already been productive of good in a couple of sections. Judgment is given upon the following points and prizes awarded:

Score.	Points
Approach from road to buildings	2
State of repair of buildings and fences (quality not considered)	5
Internal arrangement of buildings suited to purposes intended	4
General order and cleanliness of barn-yard	5
General order and cleanliness of house and yard	3

Score:	Points.
Effort to produce shelter by arbori-culture	5
Facilities for watering stock	3
Condition of all stock	14
Evidences of grading-up stock	15
Variety and quality of crops	14
Cultivation of land	10
Freedom of farm from noxious weeds	18
Points	100

Still another service is asked of the Alberta Government by the farmers of the Province—assistance to establish some system of exporting chilled meat. This industry, which will certainly come before long in Alberta by private or public enterprise, will be a logical sequence to the passing of the range and the spread of stock-raising on smaller holdings. It will make the long-denounced British embargo on Canadian cattle a dead letter, and will enable Canadian dressed meat to compete fairly in British markets with that of New Zealand and other countries. It is but one of the many good things in the future to which the farmers of Alberta are looking forward.

* * * *

With over 100,000,000 acres of excellent farming land in Alberta—all of it within the grain belt—and 99,000,000 acres of this still unbroken, the veriest onlooker will recognize the imperative need of providing there now a solid basis for farmwork, because the keystone of future success and development in Alberta is its agriculture. The Government has fully recognized this.

If Virgil lived in Alberta in this twentieth century he would surely be inclined to write another "Georgic," and this would sing the virtues of a system which exemplifies in a notable way state-direction and encouragement of agriculture. Nowhere in the civilized world is there more practical recognition of the dominant importance of the farm in nation-building, and nowhere naturally is the farmer, organized or unorganized, a stronger factor in the community.

The main items in the estimated expenditure of vote for the Department of Agriculture in the present year are:

Advance Payment, Expense of Operating and Loans to Creameries	$ 86,411
Advance Payments, Etc., Poultry Station	10,000
Destruction of Weeds	10,000
Stock Inspection	3,000
Brands and Official Brand Book	2,900
Promotion of Dairy Work	14,000
Promotion of Sugar Beet Industry	21,464
Vital, Agricultural Etc., Statistics	4,600
Experiments and Investigations re Crops	9,500
Expenditure Under Agricultural Society Ordinance	10,300
Scholarships to Agricultural Colleges	1,000
Promotion Poultry Industry	4,500
Grant to Dominion Fair, Calgary	5,000
Investigation into Meat Industry	5,000
Immigration and Colonization	10,000
Provincial Laboratory	9,000
Game Protection	7,500
Various Grants to Fairs	12,000
Extension of Markets	5,000
Fruit Experimental Stations	5,000
Grant to Stock Associations	2,400

TROPHY WON BY J. G. VOSBURGH IN COMPETITION FOR BEST BUSHEL OF SPRING WHEAT.

LETTERS OF A REMITTANCE MAN TO HIS MOTHER

BY W. H. P. JARVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. M. WICKSON

The Oaks,
Winton, Manitoba, Jan. 10th, 1

MY DEAR MOTHER:—The winter is now on the prairie. The Christmas holidays are over, and we have settled down in our "shack," determined to make the best of our environments until Spring.

The hamper you sent out from home did noble service and I can assure you we all appreciated it.

Christmas day with us was fine and cold; the great unbroken surface of the prairie seemed weird and desolate and highly calculated to fill one with moodiness and homesickness. Looking through the window, one's eye would seek the horizon and thoughts would come of all at home and what you were doing there. This prairie fairly enchants one, and in its dreamy whiteness there is the look of death; but again it has its power over one, so I'll seek diversion by telling you of our Christmas.

We did not rise until eleven, or rather at that time Jenkins rose and cooked our breakfast. By twelve we all sat down and after our meal we opened your hamper. It was quite exciting. I, of course, undid the fastenings, while Jenkins and Buckingham stood near and speculated on what it would contain, making jokes, etc. We all knew it would be generous, but the half dozen of Burgundy was more than we expected, while the three bottles of Scotch whiskey were just what we wanted to entertain any of our friends who might call.

In this country one's taste naturally runs to the more ardent spirits, and increases with residence. A man seldom drinks wine in the West. Jenkins immediately sampled the whiskey, and pronounced it good and took charge of the bottles. We all drank your health, and the health of all our friends. After that we went to the stable to visit Nero and Moody and Sankey.

I should mention here that the villainous Moody has died since, and fearing a like fate would overtake Nero, I have sold him for £10, keeping Sankey to work the farm in the Spring. A neighboring farmer told me I had starved the poor beast to death, but I cannot believe this, for while we never rose very early in the morning, we used to give all the animals quantities of hay every evening, and they certainly had enough to eat. I must admit that during several very cold days we neglected to water them, but surely the lack of water for one day would not kill a big strong ox.

After giving the animals all they could eat of hay and oats, we went

back to the house and drank a few more toasts after which we read for a bit, and then I began to get dinner. Fancy your humble servant cooking a Christmas dinner. Our utensils are at present limited, so I was forced to make the soup in a frying pan—you just boil a tin of oysters in a little water and throw in some butter, pepper and salt. After dinner, some of the neighboring fellows from home came round and the Scotch was again produced. Some of our friends were our guests till morning.

From Xmas until now existence has been a dreary monotony, with nothing much to do except smoke, sleep and eat. By way of amusing myself not long ago I wrote some verses which, while not altogether poetry, I forwarded to a Winnipeg paper for publication, more to see if the editor would have the hardihood to publish them, than for any other motive. He mutilated them, put them in a dialect, as he termed it and prefaced them with the following:

"The verses following are evidently the outpourings of the soul of some Englishman, who has not yet been assimilated. We have ventured to add the effect of dialect, thinking that with this flavoring they will appeal more strongly to our readers."

Here are the first two stanzas:

"A PROTEST."

This is a "blawsted" country,
It's awful, don't you know,
So very hot 'tis scorching,
When not o'er lain with snow.
Colonials are such "boundahs,"
One's nerves they irritate.
They should be taught their places,
Our ways to imitate.

Their names for things are fiendish,
They call our cotton "thread,"
And "wheat" they keep on naming,
The corn to make one's bread.
Disdaining our enlight'ment,
They say "what's in a name?"
And "custom makes the language,"
Whilst we should rule the same

I do not exactly know the idea of the "dialect," but I can fancy the editor doctoring up my poor tribute to the muse and smiling, as these people do when talking to an Englishman. It's this long-suffering, patronizing smile that irritates one most in this country. It conveys such an air of fancied superiority on their part and is particularly out of place when one considers the light in which we hold them, but the worst of it is, that our opinion of them does not seem to trouble them a bit. Of course I never show my irritation to them, as I express it to you, but you can understand one's feelings.

The long-drawn wail of the coyotes coming across the prairies is putting me out of humor for writing, so I will close. Again thanking you, and hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,

Yours affectionately,
REGINALD BROWN.

Winton, Manitoba, Sept. 2nd, 1—

My dear Mother:—The farmer's life is not for me; of this I am thoroughly convinced. I have sold the Oaks and put all the proceeds over and above my indebtedness, some £100, into the purchase of some land in the neighborhood of the new finds of petroleum, made recently in this country, and I am sure that I shall do well in my investment. I did not decide upon this course without giving the matter due deliberation, and I have the assurance of both Jenkins and the agent handling the property, that immense fortunes have been made in other countries, by those who bought early—"Got in on the ground floor," as they express it here, in the oil fields, and I see no good reason why oil should not exist in this country as well as in any other.

From the accounts I see in the papers, there is certain to be a duplicate of the Pennsylvania or the Balkan fields here in Western Canada, and I have decided to gain a portion of the money to be made by shrewd investment.

My essay at farming has not been successful. The hundred pounds the Governor sent me to buy machinery with, was nearly all absorbed to pay my debts contracted during the winter, and nothing was left to buy the necessary implements, so I engaged a neighbor to plough some ten acres for me. I found one ox insufficient for

I CAUGHT ONE OF THEM BY THE TAIL.

the work, and sowed the corn by hand, the old fashioned way.

The chap who ploughed the land for me, told me I should do it by machinery, but I reasoned that the way they did it in the olden days, (I remembered well the pictures, of the husbandman sowing corn, in my schoolbooks) should be good enough for a beginner here. I find that by machinery, the seed is sunk three or four inches into the ground in "drills" and covered to this depth. Although I harrowed the land so thoroughly that there was not a seed left in sight, the seeds were soon exposed and eaten by the gophers (a small animal like a ground squirrel), and the birds, for the weather subsequent to my planting was hot and dry, and the high winds which prevail on the prairies, swept away the loose soil.

This would probably not have happened to such an extent, had I ploughed my land last Autumn, as the time lost by ploughing this spring, permitted the escape of the moisture resulting from the melting of the winter's snows, which is depended upon for the germination of the seed when the spring weather is "dry." I am further informed that by deeper planting of the seed by machinery, greater moisture is gained as there is a clay subsoil impervious to water which retains that resulting from the melting snow, and, in a general way, the deeper the seed is planted, the more benefit it will receive from the same.

All this is what one must learn by experience, and I am now strongly of the opinion that a young fellow coming out to this country, a stranger, to take up farming, should engage himself to work with one who has made a success of the business and thus acquire the necessary experience. That's why I say farming is not for me, for I could never bring myself, unless prompted by dire necessity, to enter the employ of one of those uncouth creatures one finds the most successful, in this country. When I came to realize that I would have practically no returns from my land in the fall, I visited the chap who ploughed the land for me. He was working in his garden, and a very nice garden it was.

When I told him of my trouble, without looking up from his work, he replied, "Yes, you fellows come out here, thinking that you know it all. You won't do as you see others doing, and then you curse the country and all that is in it." This, demonstrating the humor the boor was in, I did not prolong my call, but spared his churlish temper the questions I had intended to ask him, and returned home determined to sell out and have done with it.

When I offered my land for sale, I found that the lake on the farm, of which I was so proud, was everywhere considered a detriment, which goes to show that these people have no soul for sport, nor yet for the picturesque, hence the small price I was able to realize for my property.

I would be very distressed over all this, did I not feel assured that I shall do well with my petroleum lands. Trusting that you will approve of my action, and knowing that I have your best wishes for my good fortune, I remain,

Your affectionate son,
REGINALD BROWN

Rankin's Farm.
Winton, Manitoba, Sept. 15th, 1 —

Dear Mother:—Jenkins is a scoundrel and I am an ass. Had anyone told me before I learnt to know this man, that an English gentleman could be so thoroughly unprincipled as Jenkins has been in his treatment of me, I should not have believed it. I am now convinced that he persuaded me to pay twice the market value of my farm to the end that he might share in the profits of the agent selling; and that he refrained from telling me the better course in the cultivation of the same as its proper working would entail efforts on us all, and that finally, still unsatisfied, he betrayed me still further into the purchase, from a rascally agent, of land such as any man may have for the asking in this country. It fairly staggers one's trust in humanity. Here I am without a sou, robbed and deserted by him I trusted as a friend

Nor do I gain a word of sympathy. Rankin, the man for whom I am now working, and to whom I told my troubles, on hearing the tale, spoke as others too have spoken. "You fellows, when you come out first, at once seek out an Englishman with whom to deal. You will not trust Canadians. It may be natural but it's unwise and the result is, you fall a prey to the first Englishman who catches hold of you. I've heard your story a hundred times."

I asked him if he could give me employment, to which he replied that he did not suppose I was much good, "but I guess you have to eat, and harvest will soon be on. I'll see if you are any good."

It was hard not to resent this patronizing speech notwithstanding its spice of kindness. However, it was Hobson's choice, so here I am one of the "hired men" though in all other respects one of the family. There is no social distinction between the employer and the employee on the prairie farm. We all work equally hard, and all dine together and submit to each other's pleasantries. Half past four each morning we are aroused, and a considerable part of the routine is gone through before breakfast, at half past six. The work agrees with me. I am thoroughly tired out each evening, and when not quite exhausted, feel wonderfully fit and well.

I have had great attention attracted to myself recently, through my being the victim of an accident which afforded a great deal of amusement to all save myself. I may say that my distress was caused by my not understanding the meaning of the word "corn" as used in Canada. Corn is the name these people give to maize.

In my thirst for knowledge last winter I asked whence the fur which the great-coats, almost universally worn in that season, are made, and was informed that it was "coon-skin," or racoon—to speak correctly, an animal which lives in the vicinity of "corn" fields.

Three or four of us were working on some "scrub" land, that is land on which there were small bushes or scrub, when I saw a number of small animals, which I thought were coons. They were moving along slowly and

paid no attention to me. I shouted out, "Look at the coons! What pretty little creatures."

"Catch them," shouted one of the fellows in reply, and I immediately gave chase.

They quickened their pace but little, and I had no trouble in catching them up. I caught one of them by the tail, when—oh, horrors! I was nearly suffocated with the most horrid odor. The little beast was a pole-cat—a skunk—and now I hear nothing but, "What pretty little animals," etc., as these fellows chaff me unmercifully. I had an awful time; everybody avoided me, and even the dogs would bristle and growl at my approach. I was given a complete change and a tub of water in the stable, but though it is now ten days ago, I am not yet rid of the feeling that I smell unpleasantly, and have been unable to regain the friendship of the dogs.

I do not blame the animals! It is the only way they have of protecting themselves, but I do think that something should be done to secure a uniformity in the application of terms throughout the Empire. I really think I shall write a letter to the "Times", pointing out the dangers arising from present conditions.

Do not worry because I have been compelled to enter the service of a farmer. He is a decent enough chap, and not unsusceptible to the humorous sallies of my fellows, though when I attempt any pleasantries, he fails to comprehend, and looks at me in a vague sort of way as if he did not understand. Nor do I believe he does. I try to explain; he mutters and seems suspicious. With best love to all,

I remain,

Your affectionate son,

REGINALD BROWN.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

BY BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON

A MERRY Christmas!—how old the phrase,
What millions of times 'tis sung;
Yet where is the man who would erase
The message from any tongue?
Where is the heart that does not respond
With quick'ning throb to this world-wide bond?

A bond it is, that from zone to zone
Engirdeth the earth with cheer;
And never a heart can be alone,
With the Christmas spirit near:
And never a cloud that will not flit,
When touched by the soft sweet breath of it.

A Merry Christmas! —the same refrain,
Re-sung to the same old theme,
Re-echoes a-down the years again,
To whisper of love supreme:
And to bid the world be glad and gay,
Because it has got its Christmas-day.

LITTLE TOW HAIRED KID

BY NELLIE L. McCLUNG

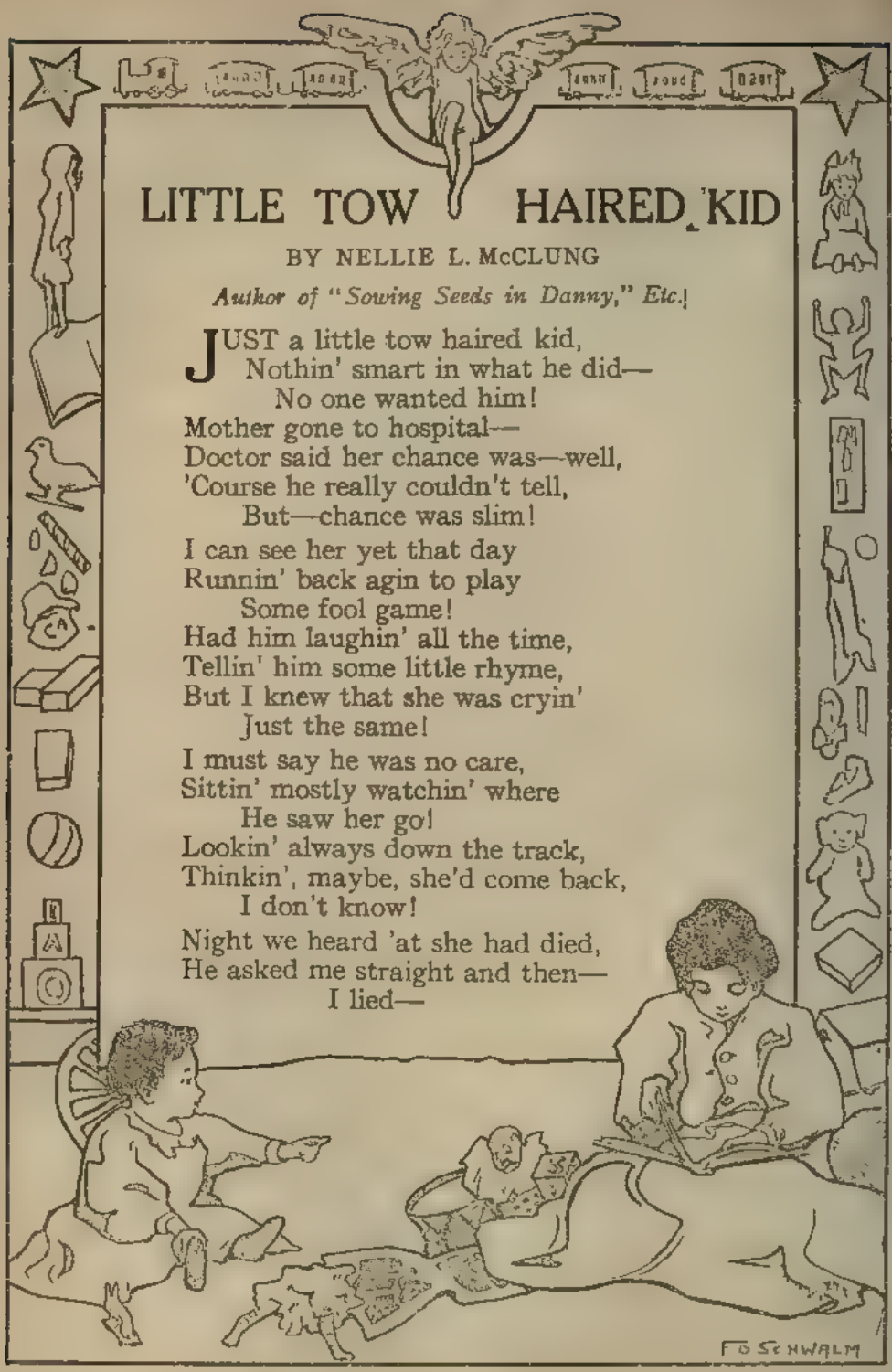
Author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny," Etc.

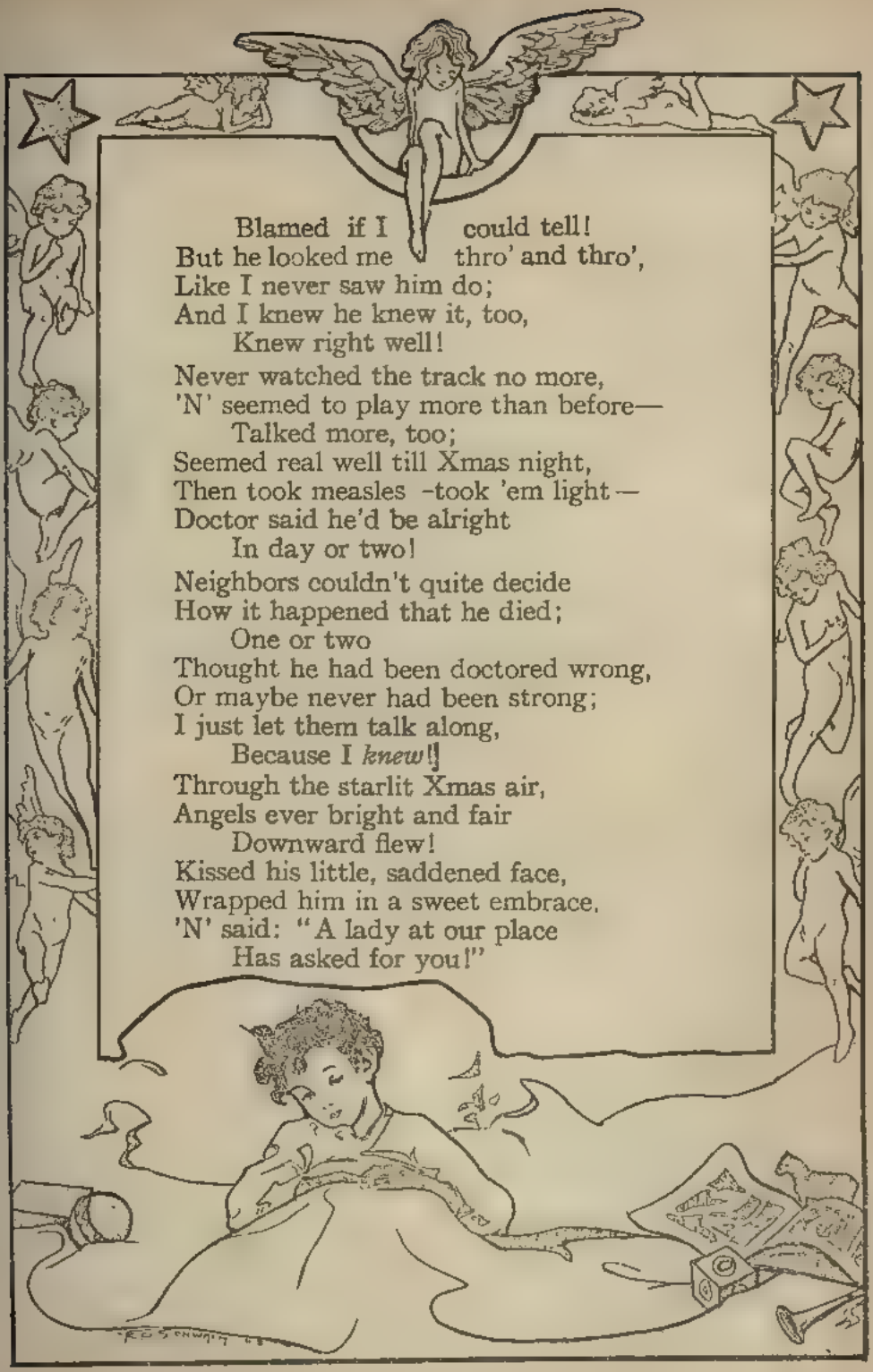
JUST a little tow haired kid,
Nothin' smart in what he did—
No one wanted him!
Mother gone to hospital—
Doctor said her chance was—well,
'Course he really couldn't tell,
But—chance was slim!

I can see her yet that day
Runnin' back agin to play
Some fool game!
Had him laughin' all the time,
Tellin' him some little rhyme,
But I knew that she was cryin'
Just the same!

I must say he was no care,
Sittin' mostly watchin' where
He saw her go!
Lookin' always down the track,
Thinkin', maybe, she'd come back,
I don't know!

Night we heard 'at she had died,
He asked me straight and then—
I lied—





Blamed if I could tell!
But he looked me thro' and thro',
Like I never saw him do;
And I knew he knew it, too,
Knew right well!

Never watched the track no more,
'N' seemed to play more than before—
Talked more, too;
Seemed real well till Xmas night,
Then took measles -took 'em light—
Doctor said he'd be alright
In day or two!

Neighbors couldn't quite decide
How it happened that he died;
One or two
Thought he had been doctored wrong,
Or maybe never had been strong;
I just let them talk along,
Because I *knew*!

Through the starlit Xmas air,
Angels ever bright and fair
Downward flew!
Kissed his little, saddened face,
Wrapped him in a sweet embrace.
'N' said: "A lady at our place
Has asked for you!"

MORE ABOUT CANADA FAKERS

BY

ARTHUR STRINGER

W. A. FRASER
ARTHUR HEMING
J. B. TYRRELL
DR. WILLIAM J. LONG
ARTHUR HAWKES
CY WARMAN

ARTHUR STRINGER—The man of the frontier would be only too glad to see the spirit of his great and youthful country fittingly represented in literary effort. But the All-Red route for which he clamors is not that all-red route which lies between the London of Glen Ellen and the Beach of Nome.

DR. WILLIAM J LONG—I *do* know Canada and love it; and for years it has pained me to see a glorious country so utterly misrepresented by the melodramatic writers of northern fiction.

W. A FRASER—Some of the melanges of these Fakers have left an acrid taste in my soul, such as one gets from a morsel of chicken liver from which the bile duct has not been properly removed

CY WARMAN Those hardy novelists who fight their way through the rye (and Scotch) of the Manitoba Club in Winnipeg, do not suffer so acutely in person or in spirits as they do in print.

ARTHUR HAWKES—Probably nothing that has ever been published will do so much to help writers about Canada to be accurate

J. B TYRRELL—When the readers are persuaded that as comfortable homes can be had in Canada as anywhere else, then these sensational story fakers will be squeezed out of decent company.

ARTHUR HEMING It (the article on "Canada Fakers") is certain to kick up a dust. The best of it is that it is all true. I don't see how they can hit back.

IN CURRENT fiction the real Canada is little known. More than enough is written in the name of Canada, but the country shown is strange to Canadians. A little corner away up toward the Arctic circle is made to stand for the whole, and even that is out of focus and untrue. The writers of popular Canada-romance get most of their facts from their own imaginations. Their accuracy may be said to begin and end with their grammar and spelling.

"*I hope*," says the player to Hamlet, "*we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.*"

"*O, reform it altogether*," Hamlet replies.

While these romancers flout the common intelligence of the English-speaking world, they cannot hurt the country in any serious way. It would be a puny country that could be crippled by such means. But the sin is there, just the same. It is a sin of reverberating ignorance, which is the most absurd kind of sin. The Canada of popular fiction is a literary farce—"a pickle-herring farce to weep at, which is the very worst kind of a farce." It is an irritating and continuing tender of noise as knowledge, and a petty

slander. It needs reforming—not indifferently, but altogether.

The Canada of reality is a broad and beautiful land, a land of handsome cities, fertile farms, great and efficient railway systems. It has every condition of modern civilization, even to the complexities. It has the electric car, the automobile, cultivated society, Paris gowns, churches, theatres, libraries, and all the comforts and adornments that brighten existence in any country. Its people are as well-to-do and as much in the van of progress as the people of the United States or England. And it has a perfect, purely livable, healthful climate, with cold but settled winters, and long summer days of incomparable beauty.

Yet this Canada is covered by the romancers with the Cold Shadow of the Frozen North, through whose half lights move strange figures, playing with elemental passion an epic of savagery, in "antres vast and deserts idle." The Canada romance, whether in short or long story, *stretches the Arctic wilderness down to the international boundary line.*

Not always in detail—but always in the mass. There is romance in the Canadian cities, just as there is whereever many people are gathered. The interplay of mind and emotion is liveliest wherever there is a country of farms and towns. But the romancists who have been romancing longest, never touch it. They have created and maintain a fearsome domain, a Canada of their own, which they display to all the world — and get it accepted abroad at their own valuation, even in England. This is singular, but it is so.

The response to Mr. Stringer's first paper, published in the October number of CANADA-WEST, and protesting against this state of affairs, was both wide and immediate. His article was taken up and copied and recopied and commented upon by leading newspapers and periodicals all over Canada and the United States. It was not merely his citation of eminent names that roused attention in the *Canadian Courier*, *Current Literature*, *The Literary Digest*, *The Montreal Herald*, *The Toronto Saturday Night*, *The New York Herald*, *The Chicago Inter-Ocean*, *The New York Times*, *The Toronto Globe*, and other important publications that need not be mentioned here. It was the self-obvious truth of his general indictment. Mr. Stringer had declared an astonishing state of things, and forcibly sent it home to some of the most widely known of living writers.

The commotion that followed was stormy. Criticism there has been in plenty, both printed and by mail. Some of it is clever, and touches Mr. Stringer's own accuracy of detail, though never the soundness of his main attack. Much of it is too good to be withheld.

Mr. Stringer himself has been moved to further utterance. In a letter to the editor of CANADA-WEST, he reaffirms his position and widens it by additional specifications.

THE ARCTICS AND THE INK-WELLS

"Life, as seen in vaudeville," writes Mr. Stringer, "is usually amusing. It is often striking. But it is seldom truthful.

"We all know the stage Irishman who wears a red wig and falls on his face to the nicely-timed thump of the bass-drum. He can scarcely be called a true or comprehensive representative of the Celtic spirit, with all its wistfulness of outlook and its witcheries of wayward imagination. It would be equally hard to accept the Horror-Hounded Adventurer of the Frost-Belt, so industriously perpetuated by the 'Eye Socket' school of fiction, as representative of the actual inhabitant of Canada. Yet he promises to become as conventionalized and accepted a figure as the Hibernian of the puttied nose and red wig.

"He has steadily grown into one of the pillars of the popular magazine. He is the worn-jointed puppet of that 'escape' literature which brings a vicarious breath of the open to urban cliff-dwellers in their five-roomed flats. He is so primal and brute-like that he makes the stoop-shouldered commuter forget the 5.15 train, and causes college boys to call for their roast extra rare

and nail moose-heads up in their rooms. He carries novels into the realms of the Six Best Sellers, on a tide of carnage and intrigue that would dwarf the Mackenzie itself. In plain English, he always makes you sit up and take notice.

"*And therein lies the Canada Faker's most pretentious weapon of defence. He stubbornly asserts that he is a creative artist, seeing deeper into the hidden drama of the North than do other men. He claims to comprehend tragic situations and movements which the humdrum mind of his opponent can never hope to detect.*

"The Northwest frontiersman, he argues, has never sufficiently fathomed those involutions of neurasthenic terror which should ensue from a sub-zero reading of his shack door thermometer. The sorrowing Siwash has never found his Voice; he is pathetically inarticulate, just as the Cree half-breed has never adequately thrilled over the peril of thawing out a jack-fish. The Esquimau has woefully neglected the psychological moment of final surrender to frost-bite, just as the Northwest Mounted Police officer has never expatiated enough on the psychopathology of hunger-madness, or dipped into the deductive processes of subarctic wild animals.

"These things have to be pointed out to the man of the frontier by the inkwell artist. He has to be shaken out of his self-satisfaction. He accepts too placidly the conditions under which he labors and lives and loves. He has to be shocked into an appreciation of his own perils. He has to be given an elbow-nudge, every now and then, and told how epical he really is, how epical everything really is, once you strike the upper side of the Canadian Northern Railway. In other words, the sensational novelist has to give him gooseflesh a few times before he 'knows where he is at.'

"But the man of the frontier, I have found, does not take altogether kindly to the sensational novelist. A good deal of his time, nowadays, is taken up with railway construction and bridge-building and road-making, to say nothing of the struggle to get his crop in and his garden hoed and his fence-posts cut and his timber hauled. He is more interested in the making of a nation than the making of a novel. But he is still willing enough to have his own life interpreted for him. He has no hatred for the hard facts of life. He knows he must adapt himself to his surroundings or be eliminated. He is ready to respond to everything that is legitimately picturesque about him, but he confesses to being a little short on the more mastodonic emotions. He would be only too glad to see the spirit of his great and youthful country fittingly represented in literary effort. But the All-Red route for which he clamors is not that all-red route which lies between the Beach of Nome and the London of Glen Ellen. He knows that life, North or South, is not all blood and hate and hunger and empty eye-sockets. He can take his share of calamity, when it comes along, but he can't stand it forever. He has a natural aversion to seeing everything north of the Sixtieth Parallel turned into crimson-tinted vaudeville.

"So he doesn't take kindly to the tenderfoot of the ink-pot who visits him for a week or two, and then Upton-Sinclairs him into serialized fiction. Not being much of a stickler for convention, he might even be coerced into accepting the melodrama of the ink-pot, instead of requesting the deeper drama of actuality, if he could only be persuaded that these so-called imaginative artists had a speaking acquaintance with the country which they used as a convenient back-drop for their ceaseless gyrations of Hugo-like primordialities.

"*It is not the wide movement of such romance, but the sheer folly of such romance, that the man of the North, and the man who knows, object to.* The normal Canadian is not averse to the story of action. Like any full-blooded person, he demands action. He does not ask for the emasculate fiction of half-draped pornography, just as his youthful and rugged nature revolts at the old-world novel of introspective morbidity.

"*But he gets tired of seeing his country advertised by a shelf-full of Londonized*

Iliads of calamity-chasing, of heroes with frozen lungs, and icicle-draped Iagos, and fur-clad villains with the soul of a timber-wolf gone bad, and miners with meningitis, and camps with scurvy, and Adamitic monstrosities cowering under the curse of the Eternal Cold. He gets as tired of that as he once got tired of seeing the Montreal Ice Palace adorning foreign prints.

"He begins to hunger for balance, perspective, sanity. He vaguely wonders if some New World Zola will ever take his northern wheatlands and from the width and the wealth of such material construct a second 'Fecundité'. He asks for fiction which will deal with the truer and greater movements of this great country of his, and deal with them honestly and honorably. He wants a national art, in stone or paint or printer's type, that is founded on truth and conceived in sincerity. He demands that it be executed with that respect which the true artist feels for his material, with that reverence which is born of love and knowledge and not of the passion of the vaudeville actor playing for his 'hand.'

"Ramsey Benson, in that gentle and Vicar-of-Wakefield-like book, *A Lord of Lands*, (and the world is beginning to realize that simplicity touched with gentleness can be as 'strong' as the weirdest pipe-dream of 'Eye Socket' melodrama) says, in his humble picture of farm life in the Canadian West: 'Too many people, when they start out to make their poultry comfortable, consult their own feelings as to what constitutes comfort, overlooking the fact that a hen's point of view is not a man's.' The North, it seems to me, has been the hen of the over-solicitous space-writer. He has kept her in a hot-house of febrile invention, daily asking that she lay the golden egg of sensation. He has pampered and peppered her into over-production.

"The result of it all is that the Northland romancer can exist now only through his own excesses. His manuscripts come to the light only through their misrepresentations. We all but insist on the Irishman with the red wig. And we feel that we are being cheated if we don't get our fricassees of Northern Canada with a nervous chill on the side.

"*The New York American*, in discussing the question of the Canada Fakers and their failings the other day, declared that all such mistakes and misrepresentations need really elicit no more concern than the spelling of Canada with a 'K.' In obvious pursuance of this attitude, on the same editorial page of the same publication, it is stated that: '*Alaska has her Nome, her Dawson, and her thousands of camps*'. Yet we used to dream, when we still spelt Canada with a 'C,' that Dawson was in Yukon District. We were even foolish enough to regard it as a Canadian city. But the faker of the inkwell promptly shows us the folly of all this. Dawson lies in Alaska and is owned by the United States—just as Toronto is in New York State. Why trouble over details? Facts are silly things

"It is the claim of the Eye Socket School, as I have already intimated, that the Northern Canada which they exploit is singularly well known to them and scrupulously reproduced on their pages. They are realistic or nothing: they photograph in words. The metropolitan editor can not always be a woodsman, or an ethnologist, or an authority on Indian life and custom. He accepts the solemn realism that is brought to him, for he at least sees embalmed in it much strenuosity of movement. Quite innocently he disseminates and perpetuates a tradition which does not exist. He falsifies a country without knowing of his fault. He scatters enough fallacies of Northland life through his pages to paper the Dirt Hills.

"Life is far too short to go hay-raking up and down the trails of the Eye Socket School for specimens of these fallacies. Such a vocation could keep the most active man reasonably occupied, and would result in nothing but that saddened wonder which leads to melancholia. Nor is it interesting, in itself.

"Even when Mr. Rex Beach, in one of his realistic studies of northern life, has his hero leap into a Peterborough canoe, seize the *oars*, and row for mile

after mile to rescue the imperiled heroine, we are not so much interested in where Mr. Beach ever came across a Peterborough canoe that was propelled by oars as we are in the broader question as to how such obviously superficial knowledge of local condition and fact was ever accepted as respectable portraiture.

"Nor is it any more important that Mr. Laurence Mott, in one of his Northwest Mounted Police stories, should describe his hero, in frenzied pursuit of a fleeing desperado, as *making a one day's horseback journey which covered some six hundred miles of rather broken country*, that is, from Fort Graham to Hazelton, British Columbia. This is certainly 'going some,' as they put it in the vernacular; but it is of importance and significance only when one remembers that Mr. Mott bases his heated plea for the outraged Canada Faker on the contention that his knowledge of the North is absolute and his fidelity to detail unimpeachable. (But, in passing, I *would* like to know just where that policeman picked up his six-hundred-mile-a-day cayuse!)

"Indeed, it never was the romance of the Canada Faker that was and is objected to. It was the misuse and abuse of this romance, constituting as it did such unpardonable affronts to intelligence. It was not the over-bold sweep of his story that discredited him; it was the repeated and almost unbelievable misrepresentations of normal life, even in the North.

"If the reader of this article will turn to page fifty-one (as I remember it) of Julian Ralph's 'On Canada's Frontier,' he will discover a drawing of an Indian throwing what is called a 'snow snake.' The drawing is by an accomplished, spirited and uncommonly well-known artist, Mr. Frederic Remington. The Indian, it will be observed, is drawn in the nude. He makes an effective figure, not without drama in his posture.

"But surely that naked Indian throwing a 'snow snake' should be nailed in effigy over the door of every Canada Faker. For, when it is borne in mind that the Indians indulge in this pastime of 'snow snake' throwing only in the dead of winter when the snow is deepest, the appropriateness and the reasonableness of his nudity, however it may have helped out the artist's 'composition,' can be fully and promptly realized. Yet, accepting even this, it might be pointed out that the Indian does not throw the 'snow snake' *overhead*, as Mr. Remington so dramatically shows, but throws it (it is a slender piece of wood, some nine feet long, and tipped or headed with lead) underhand, and from as low down as possible in order to send it over and not into the snow, very much the same as a boy will throw a skipping stone along the surface of the water. But the main issue is that this game is played *not only on the coldest of Northern winter days, but also involves much standing and loitering about in the snow* as the different contestants await their turns. In actual fact, the Indian so engaged, instead of so picturesquely disrobing, puts on extra clothing to keep warm.

"But the whole thing, after all, is not so important as it is amusing. Naked Truth, it may be claimed, will always be uncomfortable in the Far North. There are times, though, when I dreamily speculate as to whether a fig-leaved Ojibway on a sub-zero upland or a disrobed Cree indulging in the mid-winter 'snow-snake' throwing could experience more actual physical discomfort than that police officer who ambled over his six-hundred miles in a day! Yet—*boni pastoris esse, tondere pecus, non deglubere!*"

THE REAL NORTHERN WINTER

Dr. William J. Long, the naturalist, whose studies afield have familiarized him with Northern Canada, has views concerning the climate there which diverge widely from the realm of fiction and rest in a knowledge of fact. It was Dr. Long's fortune to have part in a discussion on "Nature Fakers," started not long ago by no less a personage than Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, in which it was *not* Dr. Long who came out second-best. When the Canada Fakers were haled into the light Dr. Long was prompt to signify which side he could be found on. Here

is the letter which he wrote the editor from his home in Stamford, Connecticut:

"Long before your marked copy of Mr. Stringer's wholesome article reached me, I had read it with interest and appreciation in my own copy of CANADA-WEST. For your magazine comes to me regularly and (by way of parenthesis) I always read it and like it. It takes me out doors and rests me. I don't know Mr. Stringer personally—I wish I did—but I *do* know Canada and love it; and for years it has pained me to see a glorious country so utterly misrepresented by the melodramatic writers of Northern fiction. With one possible exception, all Mr. Stringer's criticisms are well founded, and no more severe than the case demands. For most of these writers, under pretence of knowing the far North and of painting realistic pictures, have been giving us stories which for sensational misrepresentation and pure ignorance are unrivalled. The truth would be far more interesting; but their aim seems to be to give us the goose-flesh, and, incidentally, to make us think what adventurous, devil-may-care fellows they themselves are for having endured such alleged privations. They are like a small boy who spits and swears and talks big, and thinks it is manly so to do.

"Mr. Stringer is also right when he intimates that *the Northern winter, far from being a time of terror and suffering and promiscuous primeval passions, is even more tonic and inspiring than the Northern summer.* Personally, whenever I can take my own time for a vacation, I invariably choose midwinter and go into Canada, as far north as I can get, for a happy camp in the snow."

And these snows, up in the woods and Barrens, are the Beds of Terror on which the romancists freeze all Canada!

" 'TWAS MINE, 'TIS HIS"

From his home in Georgetown, W. A. Fraser reaches out for a hold upon the scalp of Jack London, who should by this time have become accustomed to losing wisps of hair in similar attacks by other writers whose material, they protest, he has freely appropriated and worked over as his own.

"Just a note of commendation for Stringer's brochure on the Canada Fakers," writes Mr. Fraser. "They well deserve all he gave them, and more. Some of their melanges have left an acrid taste in my soul, such as one gets from a morsel of chicken-liver from which the bile-duct has not been properly removed.

"I read a story of Lawrence Mott's in the *Century Magazine* once upon a time, that almost made me despondent of the chances for an appreciation of the real thing in out-door fiction. If the editors could give space and expressed appreciation to such melodramatic rot, what hope for a sane receptivity in their minds for a realism which must necessarily be at variance?

"If London comes back at Stringer, tell him that London stole the whole idea of his much-discussed story, 'Love of Life.' And in London's latest, 'Flower Gold,' a story of the Klondike, he has taken the strong dramatic incident of a man's corpse tumbling from the coffin from a story I wrote years ago called 'The Way of a Half-Breed,' which I think was published in *McClure's*."

AS COMFORTABLE HOMES AS ANYWHERE

J. B. Tyrrell has employed many of the years of his useful life in Canadian surveys and exploration, from ocean to ocean, and from the boundary line to the Arctic. If any living man knows Canada thoroughly, most assuredly Mr. Tyrrell is that man. He was for a long time in advance of the maps, to say nothing of population. He found and reported upon places that now are the homes of thriving communities, but were then unknown. He is a geologist, a geographer and an engineer, known in Europe as well as at home, and a primary authority upon most of the natural conditions and resources of the Canadian dominion.

Mr. Tyrrell had just come in from a fortnight's stay at Sturgeon Lake when the October number of CANADA-WEST reached him, at Fort William, Ontario,

and "Canada Fakers" was the first article he read.

"I want to congratulate you and Mr. Stringer on the article," he writes. "*Canada, not only Northern Canada but practically the whole of Canada*" (and this is where the offence is blackest) "with the possible exception of a few of the frontier cities, *has served as an incubator for stories of badly managed journeys and misdirected energy, constituting 'frightful hardships'* . . . . They (the writers) are away from home, with no mama to feed them and to tuck them in their little beds at night.

"But when the readers are persuaded that as comfortable homes can be had in Canada as anywhere else, then these sensational story fakers will be squeezed out of all decent company. Any man who does not know any more about the Plains than to talk of 'waving cedars on the Plains' (Parker in 'Chief Factor') should not write about the Plains."

Mr. Tyrrell's point that all of Canada is included in the misrepresentation of the north country is the one that sticks up sharpest in the whole curriculum of the offending "Eye Socket" School.

"IT IS ALL TRUE!"

Arthur Heming is an artist as well as an author, and of excellent repute in both these departments. "I notice," writes Mr. Heming, "a review of your article in the Book Reviews of the *New York Times*, and the full article reprinted in the *New York Herald*. It is certainly going to kick up a dust, but the best of it is that it is all true! I don't see how they can hit back."

It has only "kicked up" the first dust cloud as yet, but it is large enough already to be seen farther away than from Avignon to Pampeluna.

"AN' FAITH, HE'LL PRENT IT"

In a letter written at Toronto in November, Arthur Hawkes pokes a hole in Arthur Stringer's first paper. It is curious, but a fact, that the weak spot where the poke goes through is an old story, currently accepted this long time past, and never before detected, or at least not so neatly as by Mr. Hawkes.

"I read with intense appreciation," he writes, "Mr. Stringer's article on 'Canada Fakers,' in the October CANADA-WEST. Probably nothing that has ever been published will do so much to help writers about Canada to be accurate. After the amazing array of 'howlers' of which Mr. Stringer convicts Canadians and Americans, who should know something about north country conditions, the travelling Briton who occasionally affects to write omnisciently about Canada, after a flying tour through half her Provinces, may hold up his diminished head. For accuracy in statement of fact is, I think, more carefully cultivated on the other side of the Atlantic than on this.

"It is a dangerous exercise to point out the blunders of other writers, for there is none perfect, no, not one—not even Mr. Stringer. Before daring to question the accuracy of one of his statements, I will plead guilty in advance, to any and every offence against strict reliability that may be charged against me.

"Mr. Stringer says: 'But I learned to be lenient after coming into personal contact with a band of British gold-seekers, in the early days of the Klondike rush, who were importing several tons of baled hay from Liverpool, as food for their horses on the overland trip from Edmonton to the Yukon. By the time this carefully treasured hay reached Alberta it was worth just eighty-four dollars a ton: in the Edmonton district, of course, were countless acres of the same commodity, which could be picked up, cut and dried, for four dollars a ton. Being prairie grown and cured, it was obviously worth twice its weight in coarse-stalked English hay—for fodder, like fiction, is always best when cut and dried at home.'

"In my presence this story was told to some distinguished Englishmen last summer, by a leading citizen of Edmonton, who believed it as thoroughly as Mr. Stringer does. Doubt was thrown upon it by the Englishmen, who, while willing to believe that their countrymen are capable of doing all sorts of foolish things when they touch 'the colonies,' could not think that men of wealth and

education would actually ship hay from Liverpool to Edmonton.

"Just then there was no means of verifying or correcting the story, but a week later I was in Edmonton again, and my friend who had told us the story, introduced me to Major O'Brien, who acted as the agent for the party about whom the story was circulated. The Major said that no hay was brought to Edmonton from England, but *he received a cable asking whether hay should be brought*, to which, of course, he immediately replied 'No.' The truth is entertaining enough. Mr. Stringer, like my friend, the leading citizen, has been victimized by some bad fictionist."

Mr. Hawkes is quite right when he says no writer is perfectly safe. This is true even so far as the dictum that "history is fiction agreed upon." At the same time, the point criticized does not go to anything essential in Mr. Stringer's position.

CLUB-WINDOW ADVENTURERS

Cy Warman writes that he is "glad there is one man in America with the nerve, knowledge and ability to tell the truth about Canada fiction."

"This contagion of misplaced invention," he adds, "is becoming tiresome. Travelers who fight their way through the rye (and Scotch) of the Manitoba Club in Winnipeg, do not suffer so acutely in person (or in spirits) as they do in print. Neither do those hardy adventurers who voyage down the *stormy* Saskatchewan through hair-raising perils, where as a matter of fact the Saskatchewan is a big, well-mannered stream flowing between a thousand miles of wheat-fields. I need not specify names. 'The trail of the serpent is over them all.'

"Or nearly all. There are Canadian writers who know their Canada, and write of it as it is. Mr. Stringer is one of these, and there are others, whose veracity and power to interest are undoubted. For those who get their 'local color' in the cities and from the wine when it is red, or who spread an ice-field all over a country that has borne no ice-burden since the recession of the last glacier, in geologic time, it can be said that some of them write stories which are admirable save for the trifling defect of being totally untrue. That sort of stuff is literosity rather than literature. As to motive—well, possibly these writers need the money, and they certainly would seem to have educated a good many publishers to eat from their hands whatever they offer, without question."

THE NEW CONFEDERATION

BY W. P. HINTON

THERE is a new confederation of all the Canadas, not noted in the books, but by its very nature stronger than any political union. It is the federation of a common interest, racial, social, industrial and commercial. It rests in the absolutely mutual interdependence of all the parts upon each other.

A Montreal merchant visiting Kansas City happened to say that this was his first trip to the West. The rejoinder came promptly that Kansas City was East, and that to find the West he would have to cross the Pacific coast ranges. And this was the truth. The same thing is, if anything, more true of Canada than of the United States. A Canadian can measure east or west only from the point where he happens for the moment to stand. From Halifax he can speak of the west. From Victoria or Prince Rupert, he can say "east." All between is simply Canada. All beyond is simply ocean.

The forests of North Ontario once constituted a western frontier, stretching from the Great Lakes to Hudson Bay, and cutting Canada in two. Settlement stopped a long time at the eastern edge of that rugged region. Then the earlier push of westward emigration evaded the hills to the north, and went south in a long arc of travel through the States to reach the prairies beyond. Of course there was the Dawson route, but this was the path only of voyageurs and fur-traders. For many years, emigration was largely carried on by this roundabout southern route, and by wagon, much as described by Mrs. Fanny Clark Clench in "Going West in '79," recently published in CANADA-WEST.

The first travel by an all-Canadian route came with the completion of the Canadian Pacific, which skirted and crossed the difficult territory. Recently the call of the new lands became so insistent that all interests united in demanding that a fresh channel be opened all the way across Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with branches converging from the north and south. The call was as loud as it was insistent, and the answer came in the Grand Trunk Pacific, a national transcontinental railway constituting, when completed, a second broad band binding together in one solid system the whole and every part of British North America.

Canada was not alone in having rugged barriers to subjugate. The Alleghenies presented a similar obstacle in the States until the middle of the last century. After it had been surmounted, and after the first line from the Missouri to the Pacific had been opened, there was a flow across and back that in less than thirty years spread civilization over the western plains and the mountains. That line, too, was government-aided, but it stopped short midway, and to this day there has not been created in the States any singly-governed and singly-operated unit of rail from sea to sea.

Canada has gone beyond her neighbor in the development of complete transcontinental roads. Therefore, what is true of the States in the interflow of commerce is becoming much more true of Canada, not through community of government so much as by a close inter-relation of interests. These open roads are raising Greater Canada to the supreme position of a country containing all the elements of a complete national life, able to feed and house and clothe itself, in comfort and abundance.

New England and the East, where raw material is at hand and skilled labor is plentiful, supply the Western States with manufactured goods, and look to the West for food. The West,

in return, sends flour and beef. The Farther West, taking the products of both, sends fruit and sea-products and toll of the mines.

The divisional line of commerce and interchange is not on any map, but may be drawn east and west about five hundred miles south of Winnipeg. At about that distance, trade begins to feel the drawing power of the ports on the Gulf of Mexico. This will grow when the Panama Canal is completed, because it will then mean a water-route through the Gulf to Asia. In that southward pull Canada has no present nor prospective interest, since her own Pacific ports, from Vancouver to Prince Rupert, will furnish a nearer outlet to the ocean, and a shorter route across it.

The trade-shed, the line of diverted interests, will not cut Canada into East and West, but leave her intact, with one consolidated commercial system and roads in common on her own side of the Great Lakes, through the region in one small section of which immense deposits of silver, nickel, copper, iron and cobalt have already been discovered.

In manufactures, the Eastern Provinces of Canada possess all that is requisite to the economical discharge of her obligations to the Provinces of the West, not only now, but when the West shall have filled up with the great population it is capable of bearing. The occupations and pursuits of the West are already determined by that natural provision whereby it is destined to become not only the granary but the grazing-ground of the Empire. It will have neither inclination nor need, for a long time to come, if ever, for the more immured industries, the works and factories where machinery and the bulkier articles of common use are made, nor for turning out the articles of luxury and taste which it can better afford to buy. The Eastern Provinces have not the ground to produce their own food economically, but have many of the things that constitute the materials of manufacture.

Already the system of interchange has established itself. If you leave a railway station in any of the Western Provinces and drive into the country, you will find the wagon that carries you was made in Ontario. The traction engines in the field, the separator at work beside the road, the horserake, the plow, the binder and twine, the dairy machinery, the household furnishings, and the clothes the people wear, all come from there.

Eastern Canada has sent her sons by thousands to the prairies, the mountains, the mines and the forests of the West—for the most part, to the prairies, with their golden enticement of wheat. The ties these young men have with the homes they left make a guaranty that friendship will be kept alive between the new homes and the old. They will foster a sentiment that will expand until it embraces business and trading by a preference, not political, but none the less powerful in building the foundations of interior commerce, independent of the world outside.

As the prairie and mountain Provinces call people from the East, and engage their labor and money in agriculture or its allied pursuits, the Eastern Provinces are steadily drawing more and more on Great Britain (where their farming resources have long been exploited), for the skill and labor necessary to mechanical pursuits. Through the ever-increasing tide of immigration they will become a filter for further population in the West.

Mr. Emerson Hough in "The Sowing" has taken the right view of the work of peopling the prairies, and much of the remedial measure he believes to be necessary would naturally result from this filtering process. The East will try out the newcomers and their families in the factories, the shops, mines, and constructions that are local there, and even in the first stages of farm work, dairying, fruit culture and grazing. It is inevitable that a large proportion of them shall be drawn to the prairies, and equally sure that with this elementary education intervening, they will make good. The prairies need the products of such a filtering process. It will find its way in the natural course of things, and while helping fulfill the manifest purpose of the West, will save the Eastern Provinces

from what might easily come to be a violent indigestion in the endeavor to absorb and retain a mixed and heavy immigration.

Europe has hundreds of thousands who cannot much longer remain there. The surplus peoples of Great Britain and the northern countries must look to Canada for new homes, if they are to find anything like better conditions of living in a land and among neighbors congenial to themselves, and not racially repugnant. The Eastern Provinces, being nearest, and having the industrial opportunities most needed by the larger numbers, will get those who are not already arranged for and passed through to the prairies. From those who after a time have become habituated to their new surroundings and feel the call to larger spaces, the Western Provinces will certainly derive a large and valuable accession. Meanwhile they will have learned to be Canadians.

All this tends to show the unescapable community and interdependence of the Eastern and Western Provinces, but probably the strongest motives and the surest means for its continuance will be found in the development of the transportation routes of the Dominion.

It will be many years before the United States will consume all its own grain, and have none for export. Until that comes about, Canada will not find there much of a market for her crops. Local sales must be largely confined to the Eastern Provinces, which even now are not fed from their own products. The export movement must find, in ever-increasing volume, the cheapest route to Europe. The routes to the Gulf of Mexico, as above noted, have no attraction for the products of the Canadian West.

Water lines through the Great Lakes provide a highway for a large part of the grain-movement to seaboard, or to elevators convenient for winter transshipment in ocean vessels, when the volume must be sustained as in summer —the distribution being throughout the entire year. The cost of "carrying" grain in these eastern elevators for months must be provided for and has a direct influence on the price paid for the grain to the grower, who realizes in September, October and November. Any means whereby grain may be moved from the western fields to the seaboard in winter will, therefore, be a great boon to the West, and aid most materially in its development. Added to the present summer facilities, it will be a further solidifier of the interchange between Eastern and Western Canada.

From the railway view-point, it has not been easy heretofore to transport grain profitably from the fields of the West to the ports of the East, under normal conditions, by all-rail routes. There is no sentiment in transportation. Expediency sometimes is a consideration, but economy always rules. By the extension of transcontinental lines and their branches, covering the whole Dominion, western grain may be profitably transported in the winter at marketable rates that would mean a better price to the grower. This will render the Canadian West independent of any and all routes through the United States, and at the same time will conserve and help build up Canadian ports, channels and population.

Our leading minds realize that the new confederation is practically an accomplished thing, but every citizen should do his share to erase the remains of sectionalism or prejudice. Let us go ahead with our nation-building, without impediment. This is one of the most important considerations now before the people of Canada, especially if we are to successfully absorb, educate and make genuine Canadians of the immense tide of foreign immigrants who will come to us within the next few years. Canada must work out her own destiny, and be ready to become a nation when nationhood is thrust upon her. Our people are of the right stuff to manage this, but it will be more sure and accomplished earlier if they act as one people, with the same characteristics, thoughts and interests, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

There is and will be a certain amount of prejudice held by "little Canadians," both in the East and West. Possibly a limited number may hold the view on the one hand that the West makes

too much noise over its growing-pains, and on the other that the East is spending too much of its surplus wealth in luxurious pursuits and wild-cat plunging, instead of using it where it would do the most good—in the West, of course.

But this must disappear. The respective interests are blending rapidly. No prominent mercantile house of the East is without strong representation in the metropolis and chief cities of the West. Many warehouses have been erected, often rivaling the parent houses in the East. The great banking institutions are establishing branches wherever trains will regularly stop on the prairie and there is wheat to be bought. The railways of Canada, which are perhaps nearer to the pulse of the nation than any other commercial interests, are officered by men who are aware that the difference between prosperity and poverty lies in the thoroughness with which this commercial unity of the country at large may be attained in the life of the people.

The foundations of the New Confederation are laid broad and true for a structure that will enjoy all the characteristics of this young giant among the nations. This newest nation—destined through the vast extent of her natural resources, the basis of all wealth, to be (if her inhabitants as one people with one common interest shall will it so) the richest, healthiest, most intelligent and happiest on earth. Let each patriot, and all should be patriots, be not only a prophet of the New Confederation, but its militant preacher.

THE EXILES

BY MAE HARRIS ANSON

Author of "Lady Jane of Kamloops," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. DE FOREST SCHOOK—SEE FRONTISPIECE

EXILES four they were. And two went north to the land of winter night. And two went south to the land of summer sun. And some found hours of peace, and none felt hours of want, yet to all came the madness of heimweh, long days when life was an agony of regret for the home and friends that never could be enjoyed again. And though one has found the Last Peace, and only one now suffers the endless banishment, the wheel of life still plays havoc with feckless humans, and drops many a hapless exile at our doors.

* * * *

Speak of the "gold days in Yale" to almost any middle-aged man in western Canada to-day, and he will "young up" as if he had been touched with the magic wand of youth. For Yale, in 1858, was another California in '49, with an added fillip of spice and out-of-the-world deviltry born of the north and the fascination of the beautiful, ever-changing mountains combined with the torrent of the river, which still tears at the unyielding granite walls that confine its racing green waters.

When winter closed in on the Fraser, that season of 1858, it found the mining camp at Yale with a population of 5,000 people who might literally have been called an army of the devil. Not even the Californian days of the Roaring Fifties ever saw such a mixture of dangerous derelicts from all over the world, as dwelt within the tents and shacks of the town.

Every race, every color, and both sexes were represented in the people who made the camp one of the most lawless on the continent. There were French, Germans, English, Canadians, Americans, Australians, Spaniards, Japanese, Chinese and Negroes. There

were good women and bad,—and then there was Johanna Maguire.

Never had the coast seen such a woman—brilliant, beautiful even in decay, with a dash, a fascination and a conquering charm, combined with a magnificent recklessness that made her easily the queen of the lawless place. For every man of every nation, of every grade of intellect, of every walk in life, she had her own peculiar magnetism.

When winter approached each steamer bound outside took down a hilarious load bent on spending the Christmas holidays amid the more civilized environments of Victoria. But Johanna Maguire, more reckless, more erratic than her wont, steadfastly refused to join her boon companions in the trip outside, and when the last boat went down, she was almost the only woman left in the camp.

Among the forlorn creatures who had drifted into Yale was a man named Harland Overbeck—a wreck especially pitiful, in that to him clung his daughter, a flower of a child, who for four years had followed him from camp to camp, sharing his poverty, with a patience that was sublime and a love that was superhuman, bearing humiliations and, at times, ill treatment that would have crushed anyone less purely steadfast.

Yet Fate at last claimed her own, and on Christmas Eve, little Ellen Overbeck lay upon what even the untrained eyes of the Gold Commissioner knew to be her deathbed. Doctor there was none in the camp. There never had been any. The Gold Commissioner, with a "Family Doctor" book, and a supply of simple drugs, represented all the medical lore between Yale and Victoria.

Only those serene in faith, or of unconquerable courage, can face the Great Change undaunted. Harland Overbeck possessed neither, and while his child lay ministered to only by the big but tender hands of the Gold Commissioner, he sat in the garish surroundings of the worst saloon in town, drinking to kill his abject fear of death. When at last he reeled back to his shack, he was so maudlin, so clumsy, so heedlessly brutal in voice and movements, that the Gold Commissioner throttled him into quiet, and forcing him out of the shack, pushed him along the street by main strength to a saloon, into which he thrust him with the plain Anglo-Saxon injuction to "stay there, damn you!"

When the Gold Commissioner returned to the shack, he stopped thunderstruck upon the threshold. Behind the curtain which screened the child's couch from the rest of the room, he heard a woman's voice speaking in soothing accents. It was a voice he had never before heard in camp; the voice of a refined and cultured woman, using language and expressing thoughts he had never expected to hear in Yale.

"Do not be afraid, little one," it said. "It is light, all light where you are going. There will be no more suffering for you, no more hunger, nor cold, nor unkindness, nor misunderstanding. Everything is love there, everything is pure and good. Many of us would like to be there, many of us who can never hope to go there. It is only a little longer for you here, dearie, and then the wonderful change. Do not fear. It is all light. Now, say after me, dearie, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand in the latter day upon the earth.'"

There was the sound of the child's voice repeating faintly, "I know that my Redeemer——" and then, mingled with her gasping breaths, the sound of a woman's sobs came to his ear.

With the sound of his first step upon the rickety floor, there came a rustle of skirts, and before he could cross to the curtain, it was flung back, and to his utter astonishment, Johanna Maguire stood before him!

But it was a Johanna Maguire whom he had never seen—a Johanna Maguire warm and human, palpitating with sympathy and with never a trace of the hard, brilliant recklessness which made her the delight and the exasperation of the camp by turns. And then, there came a fusilade of shots outside, the sound of stumbling feet, a burst of ribald laughter and oaths and drunken yells, mingled with cries of "Merry Christmas."

"God!" said Johanna Maguire. "God?" she repeated, as if in wonder at hearing the word from her own lips. "*Merry Christmas*—God!" And then, as the noise of the rioters continued, a look that one crucified might wear passed over her face, and when it had gone, the old Johanna Maguire in her most reckless mood stood before him. "God! God! God!" she shrieked in crescendo, and then, throwing up both hands, she flung out of the shack, crying, "There is no God! Nothing in all the world but devil."

That night, the white soul of little Ellen Overbeck passed over the broad and shining trail to the glories of the Beyond. And that night, too, Johanna Maguire led the very maddest revel that Yale had ever known, and when the pale light of a northern winter morning brought Christmas Day to the camp, she was nothing but a battered bit of faintly breathing humanity. How it had happened no one could tell. But it was very patent that Johanna Maguire would never lead another revel. Before the infernal pressure Nature gave way, and the gates of death swung darkly open.

Just at the end, she opened her eyes wide, and then with a murmured "Yes, God, the exile is over," she smiled, and even before it passed from her lips, Johanna Maguire had ceased to be.

Not until long years afterward did the Gold Commissioner piece together the scattered fragments of this misspent life,—fragments that connected the so-called Johanna Maguire, queen of a frontier mining camp, with one of the proudest families of England, a woman famous at one time as a leader in the vice-regal set at Dublin, and later a figure in the social life of Montreal and Quebec.

* * * *

Man-of-the-Purple-Sun they called him, from the hour in which they had suddenly seen him standing upon the brink of the precipice, looking off into the west at the spectacle which filled them with awe. For in generations of life in the heart of the Arizona desert which fairly pulsates with color, where the sky is a royal blue that is almost sapphire, and the sands of the desert show all the tints of the spectrum, and from hour to hour the iridiscence plays, never had a dweller in the village of Hualpai seen the eerie color of the sunset on a certain day of August in the early nineties.

The adobe walls of the village stood out deeply purple in the waning light; the sandy wastes of the desert stretched out to the horizon, each rounded hill, each sharply cut mountain a different shade of purple; even the sentinel spikes of the ocalilla cactus and the oases of the irrigated fields of corn took on the unearthly hue, while the copper-colored faces of the Mesa Indians became little less than demonaical.

"The Trues have spread their mantles over the world," said the medicine men—and then suddenly some one discovered the stranger standing upon the precipice that abutted half way up the steep, winding path from the desert below to the village above. How came he there? It was their first sight of him. To their minds, deeply touched with awe at the spectacle of a land bathed in deepest purple, he was something more than human, garbed though he was in the chapps of the Arizona cowboy.

The stranger himself, when he first came down to them, confirmed this first impression. For he was sombre-faced, with eyes behind whose kindly glance lay an infinite sadness. He was chary of speech, with an aloofness which yet allured, and drew to him, without touch of fear, the love and abject devotion of every creature in all Hualpai. So the man from an unknown world and the men of a nation which still prays the pagan prayers and follows the mystic rites of ancestors long vanished, were drawn together in a common brotherhood that took no note of time, or creed, or differing civilizations.

Time wore on, days passed into weeks, and yet the stranger's sadness seemed to grow. He took to long walks that carried him far into the desert, braving alike the heat of day and the chill of night with the utter indifference of misery.

And then, one morning, it happened,

as Bartolo Jojola, chief medicine man, knew it must happen. When the maiden Moya pushed back the door-hanging of twisted rabbitskin, she found the Man-of-the-Purple-Sun lying with blank, unseeing eyes upon his bed of fragrant boughs. Her shrill cry rang out that the Man-of-the-Purple-Sun was ill unto death. And soon all over the village, the sound of Indian drums and chanting voices rose, as with one accord Hualpai practiced its ancient incantations, beseeching The Trues for his life, while at his bedside stood Bartolo Jojola in fullest panoply of the most sacred rites of the Great Medicine.

Yet, when hours later, he lay weak and moist but sentient, Bartolo Jojola still frowned, for the Man-of-the-Purple-Sun was as one who lives under protest and without hope. Then to the medicine man there came an inspiration direct from The Trues. From his own house where reposed the insignia of his office, he brought a great bowl of exquisite workmanship, and filling it with the sacred water, and holding it high above his head, made his way back to where the Man-of-the-Purple-Sun lay, possessed of but one desire—that he might speedily pass to the Great Oblivion.

Clearing a space upon the hard, earthen floor, Bartolo Jojola set the bowl in the centre, and then lighting a richly carved pipe, he chanted over it a subdued invocation to The Trues. This done, he sank upon his knees beside the sacred water, and peered intently into its mirror-like surface.

"Oh, son," he began, "you may trust in the power of The Trues. Before me lies the picture that burns its way into your brain. The ground is white; the trees are bare; and it is cold, oh, colder than the coldest night that falls in the desert, and yet a cold that sets the blood a-tingle and makes life a joy with every breath.

"I follow you along a road lined on either side with trees, the pointed firs of a far-off land to the north. There is the sound of bells in the air, soft silver bells, and the road seems sweet to you; the cold stirs your blood, and your heart leaps within you toward the goal of your journey—the house which holds the greatest thing in the world—the heart of a loving woman, who forgives much, even because in that measure is her love for you.

"Oh, son, son! great was your transgression! Great has been the price that you have paid. And great is yet to be your forgiveness. For through the sacred smoke, which I thus breathe upon the mirror, The Trues reveal the good that life still has in store for you. Once more shall you bask in the indoor warmth of December in the north. Once more shall you see the little fir tree aglow with points of light, the tree with which your people celebrate the holiday of your Trues. Once more shall you rest in the haven of home and a woman's love. Doubt not the voice of The Trues," he repeated earnestly, as the Man-of-the-Purple-Sun stirred upon his couch of fragrant boughs. "Even now, when it seems as though forgiveness were impossible, it is already yours, in fullest measure. For the greatest thing in the world is yours long since—the forgiveness of an injured, but loving woman. Oh, son, trust the voice of The Trues."

The voice ceased, and within the gray walls was the silence in which big things are born. Then, as the deep drawn breaths of a strong man fell upon the air, Bartolo Jojola rose and bearing aloft the sacred mirror, he took his measured way out into the waning sunlight.

Now whatever the magic is among these famous medicine men of the pueblo Indians, strange it is that to them seems given the power of prophesy. For to-day in a growing metropolis of Canada, he who once bore the name "Man-of-the-Purple-Sun," lives an honored life, every hour of which adds to the broad beam of light which little by little obscures the stain of the deed that years ago made him a weary seeker of death in the sandy wastes of a desert.

* * * *

On a day in early June, when the spring freshets had brought down the boats on the North Saskatchewan, a young man, blonde, as only a Teuton can be blonde, swung up the trail from

the river to the door of the Company's post, and asked for work. And within an hour, Wilhelm Miller, with his carefully manicured, though muscular hands, was working like a magnificent machine, helping to stow away the tons and tons of freight that had come down with the opening of navigation, and altogether, showing a perfect lust for work that made him seem, as Francois Lavoisier phrased it, a "very devil of a man."

The Factor smiled as the day wore on, but he said nothing nor did he ask the newcomer to join the circle of clerks in the dining room. And still again he smiled to himself, when after the late twilight had fallen, the stranger sang. Voyageur songs alternated with German lieds, and these gave way to songs in French, Italian and English, rolled out in a rich baritone. Such a man, who could both work like a devil and sing like a polyglot angel was cut exactly after the pattern of the north.

All through the summer, he was the joy of the post, and of every visitor who entered its gates, and when snow came, bringing the swish-swish of snow-shoes and the jangle of bells on dog sledges, Wilhelm Miller seemed the Spirit of the North incarnate.

Until December came in, Wilhelm Miller sipped to the full the joys of the northern outdoors. Then with the first hint of Christmas in the air, a change came over him. Day by day his smiling joyousness grew less, day by day his songs grew fewer.

On Christmas Eve, the long, low room of the trading post was filled with a joyous company. An old time Yule log snapped and crackled in the fireplace, and a lordly fir tree, twinkling with candles, its topmost bough crowned with a white-winged Christmas angel, quivered and swayed with every joyous step upon the floor. The scent of Christmas greens was mingled with that of popcorn and roasting apples, of nuts and steaming spices. There was a babel of voices—a mixture of French and English and Indian patois—but high above them all rose the voices of the children who clustered in a clamoring throng about the tall figure of Wilhelm Miller. All the old joy of living seemed to have returned to him. In him the keen instinct of childhood recognized the perfect flower of the Christmas spirit, and to it they responded as all things in creation respond to light and love. Game after game he taught them; song after song he sang them; and then like another Pied Piper of Hamelin, he led them in a merry dance until they stopped exhausted, but still hilarious.

"Oh, cher homme! cher homme!" cried Julie Blanche, the daughter of Francois Lavoisier, her childish treble ringing out in a sudden silence, that sometimes falls upon a reveling throng. "Oh, dear man! dear man! how they must miss you at home!"

Wilhelm Miller stopped short, as if suddenly turned to stone.

"Wilhelm, man!" the Factor exclaimed, starting toward him with outstretched hand. But Wilhelm Miller threw up both arms, and without a sound, his great frame swayed and fell like a log upon the pinestrewn floor.

In the bitter hours that followed, the confidence so long withheld was given. The Factor's eyes opened when he heard the name to which Wilhelm Miller had answered in the world where he was born. One of the proudest in all Europe it was, as the Factor well knew, one long borne by a brilliant German ambassador to the court of St. James. Life, even for a younger son in such a family, offers more than one primrose path, and Wilhelm Miller went the pace with a thoroughness that made Berlin and London gasp, and had touched deeply the vast revenues of the family.

While his father lived, Wilhelm Miller felt no material check, but later when his elder brother was firmly fixed in the father's place as head of the family, Wilhelm Miller found himself "cabined, cribbed, confined," so he slipped away from it all one day, leaving no trace behind him, and only the message that he had gone where he would be treated as a man.

Four more years rolled by for Wilhelm Miller in the Saskatchewan country, and then, one day, a

messenger arrived bringing word that the elder brother of the man who called himself Wilhelm Miller had died long months before, and that he was the head of his house, and heir not only to the title, but to unlimited control of the estates. And to-day, one of the ablest men in the German diplomatic service in the orient, is the man who for almost four years acted as clerk of the Great Company in a post on the North Saskatchewan.

* * * *

Eleven months of the year, Paramaribo drones out its Dutch tropical existence, content in the happy indolence of evening cool and morning freshness with the long siesta of the lotus-eater between; its chief concern cocoa and sugar and the latest "affair" of this, that or the other Paramariban white, yellow, red or black.

For three hundred and thirty-four days, this lotus-eating life goes on with hardly a break, but with the dawn of the three hundred and thirty-fifth day, Paramaribo, white and black, young and old, awakes with a tingling sense of the expectedly unexpected. For the first day of December has come to mean throughout Paramaribo and most of Dutch Guiana, the breaking out of madness with the "mad American."

It matters not that he came from the other side of the international boundary line, and is, to those who know the signs, a Canadian of the Canadians. Paramaribo to a man has never been convinced that he is not a Yankee by birth.

Many years it is now since John Granger landed from a small sailing vessel and walked up the broad avenue to Government House. He dropped into the life of the tropics with a completeness that to the experienced eye of the governor meant the burning of every bridge that connected him in any way with the land from which he had come. For eleven months he was a good citizen, taking his place as a favorite in the limited circle of the white population, a welcome guest at Government House, and an ally of unusual resources and courage in the troubled days that followed the emancipation of the slaves.

Yet his mulatto wife could have told the world that never a night was there that a loaded revolver did not lie under his pillow, and another ready for instant use, beside his bed. And yet again, his dusky-skinned wife and children could tell a tale of kindness and indulgence that in the last month of the year changes to thirty days and nights of terror, when all hours see John Granger mad with drink.

No one in all Paramaribo knows the reason of the madness. Probably but one person in the world knows to-day the secret, and he learned it when, a mere slip of a boy, scarcely past his majority, he first came to Paramaribo and met John Granger.

On a certain day in December, and at an hour when all Paramaribo was promenading up and down the broad sea-wall, or sitting on the banks of the canals, everybody was suddenly galvanized into action by a fusilade near Government House. The toilers sought escape with a fluttering of white skirts and a showing of black heels that bespoke a very keen understanding of the situation.

Only one person in all Paramaribo, apparently, had any curiosity. And that was the slender, blue-eyed boy who had landed from the Jamaica boat not half an hour before. Looking out of a window at Government House, he saw a tall man in white duck, whose arms and legs were moving in a way that betokened one who had looked at wine when it was red, and lingered long after looking.

There were three things that made the lad go down to the avenue, First, he had seen at a glance, as he thought, that the man was an American. Next, in his heart burned the purest fire of patriotism, and he could not bear to see a fellow countryman setting such a pattern for Americanism, even in the ends of the earth. And last, he knew full well that a small sober man can always down a large drunken man, if he goes about it right.

As calmly as if he were sauntering down Broadway or Piccadilly, he ap-

proached the yelling, staggering, shooting white man, and just as calmly, when he came within speaking distance, he said, as he held out a hand that never trembled.

"Better give me that gun, and act like a decent American."

As if suddenly stricken dumb—and sober—John Granger stood still in his tracks, his glazed eyes widening in what was a peculiar mixture of joy and terror, as they gazed into the unflinching blue eyes.

"Come along, old chap, and we'll have it out," said the boy.

"God!" exclaimed John Granger. "A man from home!"

And then as he fell into a fit of trembling, the boy quietly took the gun from his relaxed fingers and grasping John Granger firmly by the arm, piloted him down the avenue and off through a street embowered in low-hanging trees, into the seclusion of the house where he himself was domiciled.

"It's worse than purgatory, man. It's hell," said John Granger a few hours later. "I can stand it eleven months in the year, but when Christmas gets in the air, I begin to think and think and think—and then the madness grows with each day of remembering.

"There are holidays and holidays here—Dutch holidays, church holidays and Caribbean black people's holidays, and Christmas is the least of all—yet never a December comes in but I begin to see pictures of every Christmas I ever spent in God's country up north. I'm free here. There I wouldn't be. But, God, man! I'd give this whole life with all its palm trees and gorgeous flowers and jungles of green things, just for a sight of a stunted little fir aglow with dinky little candles and with the family and the family-in-laws, big and little, gathered 'round, with every heart beating to the tune of Christmas.

"You think you're lonesome when you have to spend a holiday away from home, because you can't get there, business or lack of money, preventing you. You think you know how dear the home folks are, and what happiness it would be to have them all around you. But man alive, if you never again could earn money enough for a pair of shoes to walk home from the other side of the world, you would not know what I feel—nor a lot of other poor devils of exiles, victims of a moment's weakness, and the barrier it raised up which men have created and called Law . ."

John Granger is a man gray-haired and portly of figure to-day, and so far as indications go, has long forgotten the very word "sentiment," yet still as regularly as the month of the Christmas holidays rolls 'round, the old madness of heimweh takes possession of him, and Paramaribo still holds itself ready to scuttle away to shelter at the first sound of a shot.

THE SOWING

A YANKEE'S VIEW OF ENGLAND'S DUTY TO CANADA

BY EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Way to the West," Etc

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

In the opening chapters of "The Sowing," Mr Hough presents a startling picture of the congested condition of the very poor in the great English cities, especially of those in London, and argues a necessity for reforming those conditions where the people themselves are capable of betterment. His remedy would be to transplant them "back to the land", but in this he protests against their being transplanted only to die It is 'no solution of the troubles of the poor of Europe," he says, "to transfer them to the spawning grounds of the United States. The new lands of the world offer the only hope as we are organized mentally, governmentally, physically. Canada offers this opportunity Yet clean and sane colonization demands that the intending colonists shall be fit and prepared to avail themselves of a fair opportunity when offered" He then takes up a consideration of the kind of immigrants sent in through English church and philanthropic agencies, and describes them as being largely drawn from the helpless city-bred poor, who cumbered the land and often perished He contends that this policy was dangerous to all concerned, that changes were necessary, whether England liked them or not. In sustaining this view, he quotes from various authorities and lays stress on a report of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg, dealing with state-aid to immigrants, and pointing out that London charitable organizations in one year sent in many thousands from the East End of London, 'without the slightest control, either by the Government or the Emigration Branch of the Department of the Interior of this country," paying, "it may be presumed, in every case, the total cost of such transportation."

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

In short, no matter how sad that conclusion may be, nor how sad the premises warranting it, it seems only just to conclude that many of the emigrants offered to Canada are exported thither either through the somewhat selfish wish to relieve local conditions, or that vague pity for immediate scenes of suffering which prompt the average mind just to "do something"—most frequently without much consideration of what is to be done. In this case there is humanity on both sides of the sea to be considered. There is a future for Canada, as well as a future for England, to be considered. This is not to say that the selfish interests of either country are to be subserved to the detriment of the other. It is only to say that those unfortunate poor who make the reason for the argument ought to be considered alongside of the problems of either country. Let us read more about them from Mr. Walker's report:

"The Church Emigration Society was not formed with the definite object of advancing the passage money of the emigrants, but a certain number of those sent out by the Society have been assisted in this way. Their method of operation is to assist those who assist themselves; in other words to pay a portion of their transportation, but to encourage only husbands and wives with small families. I am free to confess that this organization exercises a good deal of care in the selection of their emigrants, and insists upon the guarantee of the respectability of the family in the form of a good contribution to the cost of the transportation, and also insists upon an agreement for the repayment of the proportion advanced. Last year they sent altogether 663 persons to Canada. This society is first and foremost a religious society, and exists mainly for the purpose of binding together members of the Church of England in all parts of the world.

"The Central Unemployed Body is a purely London organization, operating under the Workmen's Unemployed Act, confining its operations to the unemployed of the City of London, without regard to any particular locality in the Metropolis. I am not prepared to deny but what they take a great deal of care, and go to a great deal of trouble in sifting, selecting, and finally approving of the emigrants. The objection to their organization, however, is that they work exclusively amongst a class of people for whom there is no demand in Canada, i.e., unemployed tradesmen, artisans, mechanics, and other skilled persons, as well as general laborers. The proportion of persons with farm training coming under their care is infinitesimal, and, as I have said, it is difficult to draw the line between the unemployed and the unemployable; and yet it is amongst just such classes that the Central Unemployed Body conducts its work. During the year the Central Unemployed Body emigrated to Canada, 2,842 persons. The great majority of these, I am afraid, are not at all likely to readily assimilate and adapt themselves to Canadian conditions."

On this side of the water there is, perhaps, no charitable or semi-charitable organization so well known as the Salvation Army. Practically every one in Canada and the United States is familiar with the methods of this body and acquainted with the noble work which it does, principally among the city poor. The Commissioner tells us something more about a less known labor of this great organization, and gives the figures of the immigration which it has directly fostered or brought about.

"During the year 1907 the Salvation Army emigrated 406 persons whose fares were either wholly or partially advanced. These form a proportion of the 15,000, which is about the aggregate of the Salvation Army's emigration during that year.

"With reference to the emigrants of Distress Committees handed to the care of the Army, they are open to the same objection as such emigrants when in the care of any other society. They are, for the most part, tradesmen, townsmen, and generally very incompetent and inferior ones at that. It is worth noticing, however, that out of the total of 15,000 persons claimed by the Salvation Army as having been sent to Canada in 1907, only 406 had their fares wholly or partially advanced."

There are yet other societies of which perhaps many west of the Atlantic have not heard. Of yet another of these the Commissioner has the following comment to make:

"The Central Emigration Board, an executive body, not at all of a philanthropic or charitable character was brought into existence for the purpose of providing a machine for booking and emigrating the products of the Provincial Distress Committees. During the year it sent to Canada 228 persons, the unemployed products either of certain charitable societies or distress committees. I do not know what special provision it has for obtaining work on the other side, but I am afraid the organization, if any, must be of a very restricted character."

Summing up in a general review the work of the societies above mentioned, and that as well of the Church Army, mentioned in a preceding chapter, Mr. Walker has the following conclusion which he presents in plain terms and without any hesitation:

"In my opinion, it will be an unfortunate condition of affairs if such organizations are permitted, unrestricted and unrestrained, to pour upon the shores of Canada large numbers of persons, few of whom are at all fitted for our conditions, and most of whom are morally and physically quite unfitted."

Mr. Walker touches here the origin of the whole series of evils—the importation of the city poor, the waste humanity of London, picked up bodily in all its helplessness, brought to Canada, passage-paid, and then deposited upon the land, every man to fend for his miserable self.

"As most of these organizations," he says, "carry on their operations in large centres of population, they seldom reach persons of agricultural experience

and consequently have, in proportion to their numbers sent to Canada, very few claims for the bonus given by the Department to persons bent upon agricultural pursuits in Canada, and I think, therefore, it would be judicious to withhold the bonus in the case of any person obtaining either a free or an assisted passage, ability to pay the necessary transportation charge being one of the most satisfactory proofs of thrift and industry."

The state of facts disclosed by the report caused general surprise and discussion throughout the country. The Government adopted the recommendation touching the bonus, knowing that it would check English immigration in numbers, for a time at least, but that it would operate for a better, cleaner, abler quality of settlers.

All this may be dry bureau work, or matter throbbing with human interest, whichever way you choose to look at it. To the writer it offers rather the latter phase. The average citizen of the American continent has given little actual study to the problems of future citizenship as affected by future immigration. Least of all has he studied the question from the viewpoint of the man most vitally concerned. Sometimes it is the rawest immigrant who believes in putting up the bars and allowing no more raw immigrants to come. Beyond his own immediate family or friends, this problem does not customarily affect him seriously. Neither does it come within the purview of the careless and indifferent citizen already in, whether of this generation or one earlier to arrive here, and rather busy with making his own living. But the total area of Canada cannot be increased by one foot. The stature of its citizenship can be increased by many a cubit foot. The time is coming when we, who are ignorant or indifferent, must face this inexorible situation. We cannot alter our acreage, but we can alter our citizenship, perhaps can improve it, perhaps, on the other hand, can assist it in deteriorating. The question is every day up to the desk, up to the mind, and up to the heart of the Commissioner of Immigration at Winnipeg. He knows well enough that it is a problem, and knows well enough that it must be solved.

From Winnipeg station you may see the world and the world's problem. Students of all sorts have gazed on these scenes. Among these have been many Socialists, who have been prompt to comment on what they believe these scenes mean for the future. Indeed, it is difficult to see these hordes of hopeless poor, and to reflect that they come from that portion of the world boasting the proudest aristocracies, the greatest wealth, the most advanced thought, and not see how easy is the thought of Socialism.

From Winnipeg one may look southward to the great Republic, and see, if one likes, an army reputed to represent nine million Socialists—who have been driven to their creed by the same causes which brought hither these helpless poor. Socialism in the United States now declares that national, state and municipal governments are mere adjuncts of the merciless industrial machinery. The economic resources of the great Republic have been so operated for private profit that there remains little actual authority to question those who now control the government, or their ability to right, enforce or defy the laws. Industrialism run wild has put the Republic's politics where it is to-day. It has put the hopeless poor man where he is to-day, in the United States and in England. To change all this, Socialism declares we must have an entirely new philosophy of government. We need not agree with Socialism to this extent. Yet we may perhaps none the less be allowed to say that we need a new theory of life.

CHAPTER X.

THE VIEWPOINT OF A BUSINESS MAN.

The history of warlike deeds concerned with Canada, the school book story of Wolfe and his troops—for long years that was England's choicest offering to her youth by way of information regarding her choicest province. English ignorance was dense regarding England's opportunities, which for

centuries here lay waste and wasted. But now it is not a question of Trafalgar or Waterloo. It is not even a question of Quebec. It is late in the day to rest on the glory of Crecy or Agincourt. In these days other and different battles must be fought by England—battles harder than those earlier ones.

Over a century ago the United Colonies gave Canada to England, when they helped her to take Quebec from the French. Not ten years ago the United States gave Canada again to England, when again it sent a scout and guide to show England why, and where, and how!

Let us be quite fair upon both sides. Sir Gilbert Parker's Yankee who found the way to the Heights of Abraham was very likely English born. Colonel A. D. Davidson, handler of the largest transaction in raw lands the world ever saw, was Canadian born, although he spent most of his life in the United States and got his education in land-selling in the northwestern States of that country. Western Canada waited for him, a stage ready set for Hamlet when the latter should appear. Davidson was not a melancholy Dane, but an optimistic Canadian Yankee; and he made no bad sort of Hamlet at the time!

The story of his discovery is one of the greatest industrial stories of the world. Indeed, it seems a thing of fate, and Davidson himself a man appointed. He had large experience. He knew all about the soils. He was a hard-headed unspectacular sort of man, with few personal frills and a general habit of getting results.

In the year 1900 the wheat horizon in Western Canada was very narrow. Farming had been tried for thirty years, and all that could be called safe wheat country was a part of Manitoba, a little of eastern Saskatchewan, and a strip near Edmonton. There had been hard years. Lower Saskatchewan had lost almost all its settlers. Family after family, who had come out with the old foolish English idea of becoming "landed proprietors," had failed in the fight, lost all they had, and been reduced to penury. The "course of empire" seemed to end just west of Winnipeg.

The first railway did not bring success at once, because it could not bring wheat out of a wheatless empire, which lay hopeless and almost abandoned. All the world, backed by thirty years of experience, said that wheat could not be raised farther west than a little distance beyond Winnipeg. "Is that true?" asked Davidson. "I do not believe it!"

It is a singular thing how, when the world needs a skeptic and a revolutionist, a scout in industry, that man, sometimes with small pomp and circumstance, usually appears. Colonel Davidson, fortified by his long experience in settling Minnesota and Dakota, made a journey for himself west into Alberta, north to Edmonton, then back, and all over Saskatchewan. He went out into the country, far from railways, and took with him a spade. As he travelled, continually he dug and tested and examined the soil. Presently there was issued to the world the singular statement — all heresy, of course!—that the soil of the Saskatchewan valley and Western Canada generally was as rich in wheat-growing elements as any in the world. He backed up this bold declaration with another to the effect that if any considerable body of land were for sale, he stood ready to buy, and, moreover, he would settle it with men who knew how to farm. He even had the assurance to predict that if he did what he was planning to do, his settlers and those who would follow them into Western Canada, would shortly be producing wheat to the tune of many millions of bushels each year.

"Of course this cannot be possible!" said the wise men of England and Eastern Canada. "It is impossible, or we should have known it two hundred and fifty years ago! Moreover, it is impossible, because we ourselves have proved it so for thirty years!"

No one would admit that an empire had lain hidden for two centuries. No one would believe that a plain man could in twenty minutes add a hundred million pounds to the wealth of England and the world. But in time this

revolutionary truth no longer could be denied.

Even after the Canadian Pacific had laid rails across the continent, almost anybody might have land who was fool enough to ask the Canadian Government for it; as may be seen from one historic incident. The railroad bee buzzed idly here and there, and the Government was ever ready to erect its ears at the suggestion of railroads. One fully inadequate railroad concern got a land grant of a million and a half acres of land, stipulated in the terms of the grant to be "land fairly fit for settlement." Years passed, and the directors of this concern still claimed that they could not find in all Saskatchewan so much land fit for any kind of settlement—a statement which the Government *did not dare deny*!

This railroad languidly built a brief mileage, and then languidly went broke; but it was adjudged to have earned its land grant, so that in 1894 it could pass title of these lands to a real estate concern, which took over the entire grant as attached to the original charter. The bondholders got for their share the railroad itself, a languid and rather purposeless sort of affair. Which were the worse discontented, the bondholders or the land-holders, it were hard to say; but certainly neither one of them cared much for the land. It was not until many years later that land was proved to be land in Western Canada. In 1906 the bondholders sold their railroad within six hours after the time it was offered on the market. Times had changed by then.

The railroad company sued the Government of Canada, meantime, and demanded that they be allowed several million acres additional land from which to make their justly celebrated choice of land "fairly fit for settlement." They brought abundance of experts to show that all this country was practically barren—in short, they proved this to be true for a country over hundreds of miles of which there is to-day growing wheat as thick as it can stand! Even the culled lands of Saskatchewan now bring four times as much as the best selections were considered worth ten years ago.

Other experts were brought by the Government to show that this soil really *would* grow wheat. Upon the testimony of these latter, the Dominion Government finally declined to amend the original grant. This suit hung fire in the court for a long time. The Liberal party wished it settled, and allowed judgment to be taken against the Government. It paid cash for this land to the final holders of the land grant, and so it got back into the possession of Canada what the earlier holders had treated as a gift horse with a very bad mouth.

It was just at this time that the Canadian-Yankee Davidson arrived, with a conviction of his own. With his own spade he had been digging the foundations for an empire. Large capital promptly went behind him. From that time on there went forward one of the swiftest and most romantic business dramas ever played in any time or region of the world. Then it was that the question of proper colonization clamored imperatively for consideration. He were but a narrow man who would seek to narrow the Davidson credit or restrict his creed. After all, bluff Davidson was a business man. He worked on commercial lines, asked financial backing and had mighty little to do with stars and dreams. He would probably have snorted with resentment had anyone called him an idealist. Yet he was a man with a vision, else he would not have digged and could not have believed. Here, now, he was, tied to a promise to put actual settlers on these new lands. It was easy to test the soil, easy to buy it and select it;—but to *settle it*, that was another question.

These new acres must find settlers, or they would be worth no more now than they had been before. Davidson and all his associates knew this perfectly well. The companies formed by them retailed more land than has ever been handled in the same time in any time or region of the world. What was their theory, and where did they get their settlers? It is perfectly obvious that the opinion of so large an operator is of the greatest interest and value. A man who can find an empire ought to be

listened to when he expresses his opinion as to the sort of human beings most desirable to settle that new empire.

Colonel Davidson, who has sent thousands of settlers into the new lands of two countries, who has seen thousands of men win and lose in their fight for homes, paints a picture of the men with whom he had most of his business dealings before he came to Canada—the frontiersmen who went out from Iowa and Illinois to Minnesota and the Dakotas. Briefly, he says, "Make your new Canadian like that."

Colonel Davidson refers only to a type—the type which answers to-day to the name American. Not in all cases was this man product of the United States, although he may have come from that country. He might be Englishman, native American, Mennonite or Swede. Certainly he was not often slum dweller from any city of the world. He was strong of body, stronger yet of purpose. Colonel Davidson ought to know, and it is the Davidson theory that, no matter what the derivation of this *type*, no matter from under what flag it comes, this *type* will win. This theory does not embrace race, origin, geography or environment. In short, it is nothing but the theory of the survival of the fit and strong; and with charity, with religion, with politics it has nothing whatever to do. This theory is wholly in tune with the times. With it, England and all the rest of the world must reckon.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VIEWPOINT OF AN IDEALIST.

Let us choose for our speaker now not some well-known figure of the political or economic world. Let us rather hear the beliefs of a man who has put his theories into practice, and out of practice brought success. The experience of William Pearson, of Winnipeg, a Canadian now, though once an Englishman, city bred, has the vital quality of the human document, since what he has learned of Canada has been from the ground up, first as a settler on the land himself, and afterward as a dealer in land, settling other farmers on the soil in the great colonization enterprise of which he is the head. A man in that work must use men as he finds them, and he finds many ignorant, many weak and many ready to despair. It is somewhat surprising to find a "land man" who is not a cynic; but here we may offer the strange product—an altruistic business man, whose creed of life is that before you can uplift a man, you first must feed him; that is to say, help him to feed himself. This seems worth elaboration in the believer's own words:

"I once heard a Yukon missionary who, in describing his journeys in the Yukon country, told of two little mice he once found in the sledge tracks of the icy way. Neither of these mice could free itself from the deep groove in which it found itself. One he picked up, warmed and saved. For the other aid came too late. It had frozen and died in the groove before help reached it. I'm a land man, but that little story got home to me.

"Sometimes in my work I stand and look out over the undulations of the prairie, league after league of grass, with only the suggestion of habitation afforded by the homesteaders' shacks, miles apart. Perhaps in the distance there may be the silver thread of some distant lake, the glory of a sunset across it, or the grey of the prairie twilight. At any time it is beautiful; and at no time do I fail to contrast such a scene with those offered by the squalid delimitations of brick in which humanity must swarm in the cities. There is something uplifting in this spaciousness. Here there is opportunity, while back yonder men and women in millions are workless, hopeless, foodless."

(To be continued)

THE STORY OF THE PLAY

Books may be had anywhere, but the drama is only for those who live in or visit the great cities, save as it may be seen by deputy. For that reason we have provided such a deputy, through whose eyes our readers, wherever they live, may look in upon the best play of each month, wherever it may be acted. Hugh Stuart Campbell, the artist, is to perform this pleasant service, and will contribute a portrait-sketch of the leading actress or actor in each production.—THE EDITOR.

A DOLL'S HOUSE

NORA HELMER'S husband and her father before him—had never allowed her to entertain a serious thought. Then—suddenly—one day their judgment was not available; both were ill, dangerously so. For the first time in her merry, petted existence she was thrust into a practical difficulty. She solved it as best she could alone. The problem and her solution she hid in her heart for eight years.

* * * *

It is the day before Christmas. A more cheerful place than the Helmers' flat would be difficult to find in Christiania. Nora has just returned from a shopping expedition, her arms heavy with bundles. A porter follows her with a Christmas tree. Torwald's gift she conceals under the table. Then, humming gaily, she peers slyly around to see that no one is near, draws a bag of macaroons from her muff and pops one into her mouth. She goes on tip-toe to her husband's door and listens.

From within comes a deep, affectionate voice: "Is that my lark twittering there? Is it the squirrel frisking around?"

"Yes; I just got home this minute." Nora hides the bag of macaroons in her muff. Torwald has forbidden them, and on no account must he find her doing that of which he disapproves.

Helmer opens the door and looks in, pen in hand. He is a large-framed man, with an important forehead. "What! All that! Has my little spendthrift been making the money fly again?"

Nora pouts. "Why, Torwald, surely we can afford to launch out a little now. It's the first Christmas we haven't had to pinch. You know you'll soon be earning heaps of money. We can borrow in the meantime."

Helmer tweaks her ear playfully. "Nora, Nora, what a woman you are. But seriously, you know my principles on this point. Home life ceases to be free and beautiful as soon as it is founded on borrowing and debt. We two have held out bravely until now and we're not going to give in at the

last. There's a whole quarter before my first salary is due."

At the thought of the advance in their fortune with her husband's new position as manager of the Joint Stock Bank, Nora's spirit revives. "Oh, it's glorious to have *heaps* of money!"

These conjugal rejoicings are ended by a ring at the door, and the maid's announcement of a caller for Mrs. Helmer and that Dr. Rank waits for Mr. Helmer in the study.

At first Nora does not recognize the woman in black standing embarrassed and hesitating in the doorway. Then, from her timid greeting, Nora remembers that the years since they were schoolmates together have brought poverty, widowhood and loneliness to Christina. She runs to her, flinging her arms fondly about her shoulders.

"Do take your things off. There, now we'll sit cozily by the fire." Nora forces her tenderly into a low rocking chair near the porcelain stove. "You must tell me everything about yourself. Now tell me, is it really true that you didn't love your husband? What made you marry him then?"

"My mother was helpless; and I had my two younger brothers to think of. I didn't think it would be right to refuse him. But his business fell to pieces at his death, and there was nothing left." Mrs. Linden pushes back her hair wearily. A faint, vague hope that she will somehow meet the lover she gave up for duty's sake has drawn her to Christiania.

Nora hugs her in quick sympathy. In her radiantly happy mood she wishes everyone to be happy. Torwald shall find a place for her friend in the bank. "Oh, I should so love to help you. And I will. Just you leave it all to me."

"How good of you, Nora, to stand by me so warmly. Doubly good in you who know so little of the troubles and burdens of life."

Nora tosses her head. "Oh, come, you mustn't be so patronizing. You're like the rest. You all think I'm fit for nothing really serious. You are proud of having worked so hard and so long for your mother and your brothers. But now let me tell you, Christina—I, too, have something to be proud and glad of."

She draws Christina's head close to hers. "Hush! Torwald mustn't hear —not for worlds. You know, Torwald overworked himself terribly, the first year of our marriage, and fell dangerously ill. Then the doctors declared he must go South. But it cost a frightful lot of money, Christina. Four thousand, eight hundred crowns."

Mrs. Linden smiles. "Well, and your father gave you the money."

Nora responds mysteriously: "Yes, so Torwald and everyone believe. But—papa didn't give us one penny. He was very ill at the time and died a month later. It was *I* that found the money."

"And you have never confessed to your husband?"

"Good heavens! What can you be thinking of? Tell him, when he has such a loathing of debt? And besides —how painful and humiliating it would be for Torwald with his manly self-respect to know that he owed anything to me! It would utterly upset the relation between us. You may believe it has cost me a lot of anxiety. You must know, Christina, that in business there are things called installments and quarterly interest, that are terribly hard to provide for. But now, my troubles are over" She springs up in a whirlwind of glee. "Oh, how glorious it is to think of. Free from all anxiety! Oh! what a wonderful thing it is to live and be happy."

In her joyous abandon she runs into the arms of her husband who is just entering with Dr. Rank. Both men have their overcoats over their arms.

Nora recovers her balance, draws them forward and introduces them to Christina with a quaint, stiff gesture like a ten-year-old girl. "And only think, Torwald," Nora adds eagerly. "Christina has taken this long journey on purpose to speak to you. You see, she is tremendously clever at office work, and she's so anxious to work under a first-rate man of business in order to learn still more, and ——— Torwald, dear, for my sake you must do something for Christina. Now, can't you?"

Helmer looks down into her coaxing, pretty face. He thinks of the man Krogstad who holds a small place in the bank. He has always disliked him, partly because of Krogstad's unsavory reputation and more because of the familiarity with which Krogstad approaches him, presuming on a schoolboy acquaintance. This is an excellent opportunity to rid himself of an unpleasant subordinate and to gratify Nora.

"You have come at a fortunate moment, Mrs. Linden," he says cordially, while he and Rank put on their overcoats. "It's very likely I may be able to find a place for you."

The three leave the house together, as Mrs. Linden must set out to find lodgings.

* * * *

On Christmas afternoon Nora is playing a hilarious game of hide-and-go-seek with her children, when, unannounced by the maid, a quiet figure stands in their midst. With alarm Nora recognizes Krogstad. What can he want? It is not the first of the month. She is not ready with her installment. She leads the children into the nursery and shuts the door. "It is to me you wish to speak, Mr. Krogstad?"

"Yes, to you." He advances boldly. "Mrs. Helmer, will you have the kindness to employ your influence on my behalf? Will you be so good as to see that I retain my subordinate position in the bank?"

"Mr. Krogstad," she replies indifferently, "I have no influence, absolutely none."

Krogstad controls his anger. He has resolved to fight to keep his little place in the bank. His motherless sons are growing up, and for their sake he must recover his character from the ugly smirch left by his forgery many years ago. "Listen, Mrs. Helmer: either your memory is defective or you don't know much about business. . . . When your husband was ill, and you came to me to borrow four thousand, eight hundred crowns, I promised to find you the amount in exchange for a note of hand, making your father security for the debt. Within five or six days you brought back the document with your own and your father's signature. Tell me, Mrs. Helmer, do you happen to recollect the day of his death?"

Nora's small head droops like a bird's as she answers, "Father died on the 29th of September."

"Quite correct." Krogstad produces a paper from his coat pocket. "And here comes in the remarkable point, madam—the remarkable point that your father signed this paper three days after his death. Was—it—really—your—father—*himself*—who wrote his name here?"

After a short silence, in which she eyes him, first defiantly, then piteously, with sudden tears she murmurs, "I wrote father's name."

Krogstad's shrewd glance searches her soul. "Mrs. Helmer, you evidently do not realize what you have been guilty of. But I can assure you it was nothing more and nothing worse that made me an outcast from society."

Nora looks at him in horror. Then Krogstad's plan flashes to her consciousness. Either she must insure his permanence in the bank and pay him the money she owes him, or he will reveal her secret to her husband and the world. And Torwald, noble, brave Torwald, who never allows her to bear a serious burden, Torwald will step forward and claim the guilt as his own. No; rather than that terrible thing should happen she will ——

"Put all that out of your head," sneers Krogstad. "Most of us think of that at first. . . Under the ice perhaps? Down into the cold, black water? And next spring to come up again, ugly, hairless, unrecognizable . . . You haven't the courage for it—a sensitive, petted creature like you. And, after all, what would be the use of it. Your reputation remains in my hands. . . . . I have a letter in my pocket for your husband ——"

"Telling him everything?"

"Sparing you as much as possible."

Nora replies desperately: "He must never read that letter. I will manage to get the money somehow."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Helmer. I believe I told you I wish to regain my footing in the world. I must get into

the bank again, in a higher position than before. Your husband shall create a place on purpose for me. Good-bye, Mrs. Helmer."

He goes out through the hall. Nora hurries to the door and listens. She hears him pause on the stairs. A letter falls into the box. Krogstad's footsteps gradually recede down the stairs.

Nora rushes forward. Through the glass side of the box she sees the letter. She utters a suppressed shriek, "Torwald, Torwald—now we are lost."

* * * *

It is to Christina that Nora turns in her distraction. When Christina learns that it is to Krogstad (Christina's former lover) that Nora owes the money, and that Nora has been guilty of forgery, she urges her to confess all to her husband. Christina's pleadings are useless. Then she resolves to go to Krogstad herself. Once he would have done anything for her. But that was long ago, before she gave him up for the marriage that assured comfort to her mother and brothers. However, Nora needs her aid sorely. She sets out for Krogstad's lodgings immediately. Krogstad must demand his letter back unread.

Until Christina shall return, Nora must prevent Torwald from emptying the letter-box as is his custom immediately before dinner.

As he rests himself at the fire, she adroitly introduces the subject of Krogstad and begs Helmer to retain him in the bank. Helmer, who thinks that any request from Nora is only a whim, refuses to indulge her.

"My sweet little Nora must promise not to plead his cause. Just think how a man with a crime of that sort on his conscience must be always lying and canting and shamming. In such an atmosphere of lies home life is poisoned and contaminated in every fibre. Think of the effect on the children—that's the most terrible part of it, Nora. Every breath the children draw contains some germ of evil."

Although Nora's despair and the distrust in herself increase every moment, the determination grows keener to keep the letter from Helmer if it is only for a day—an hour. She coaxes him to assist her in the tarantella she is preparing to dance at the masquerade ball the next evening. She has half-forgotten the steps. She takes the tambourine to prove it. She dances recklessly, as if the strain of the tarantella were in her blood. The violence of her movements gives relief to her despair.

At last Helmer can endure the passion of her dance no longer. "This is merest madness, Nora. Stop! You've forgotten all I taught you."

She comes to a sudden standstill. "You see for yourself how I need teaching. You must practice with me up to the last moment. Will you promise me, Torwald?" As his arms close about her, she nestles nervously to him. "Neither to-day nor to-morrow must you think of anything but me. You mustn't open a single letter —mustn't look at the letter-box."

He looks down into her excited face tenderly. He will humor her babyish anxiety. After all, these whims prove her entire reliance upon his manly strength. "The child shall have her own way. But to-morrow night, when the dance is over ——"

"When the dance is over—then you shall be free." That is thirty-one hours in the future. She has thirty-one hours to *live*.

* * * *

Nora is radiantly lovely at the masquerade ball. She dances the tarantella with tremendous success. The guests applaud her wildly. Torwald's love for his wife has never been more vital. He wishes that some danger might threaten her that he might risk body, soul, everything for her dear sake.

Mrs. Linden is waiting for them when they return home. Helmer has almost to drag Nora into the house, so loath has she been to leave the ball.

Mrs. Linden has had the promised interview with Krogstad. It reached an unexpected climax for both of them. These two shipwrecked lives, widowed and lonely, decided to join together. He forgave her for breaking their troth; she took him with full knowledge of the forgery he had committed and was trying to live down.

At first, Mrs. Linden expected to ask Krogstad to demand back his letter,

unread. Then suddenly, with the insight born of her own love for Krogstad and their mutual forgiveness for mistakes similar to those in Nora's and Helmer's relation, she tells Krogstad that he must leave the letter for Helmer to read. There must be an end to this unhappy secret; to Nora's shifts and subterfuges. Nora and Helmer must come to a full understanding at once.

Therefore, when Nora and Helmer return from the ball, Mrs. Linden remains only long enough to whisper to her that the letter still lies in the letter-box waiting to reveal all to Helmer.

Now Nora knows what there is left for her to do. When Torwald retires to his study to read the letters which he has deferred according to his promise, she swiftly wraps a shawl about her shoulders. She goes to the nursery door, touching it blindly in farewell to her children, not daring to look in upon them

She rushes toward the hall.

At the same moment Helmer flings open his door. She shrieks. He seizes her roughly and will not let her go. "Wretched woman," he cries, harshly, "do you know what is in this letter? Is what he writes true?"

His words and not his tone penetrate her consciousness. She raises her face to his with a look of exaltation. Now he has proved the strength of her love. "It is true. I have loved you beyond all else in the world. Let me go—you shall not save me! You shall not take my guilt upon yourself!"

Helmer locks the outer door. "I don't want any melodramatic airs. Oh, what an awful awakening. During all these eight years—she whom I have done nothing but pet and spoil—a hypocrite, a liar—worse, worse—a criminal. Oh, the unfathomable hideousness of it all. Ugh!" He shudders as if from physical aversion.

Nora looks at him fixedly. Suddenly she has lost her fear and the fine frenzy in which she was ready to take her own life

"You have destroyed my whole happiness," he continues, bitterly. Oh, it's frightful to think of! People will think I was at the bottom of it all and egged you on. The matter must be hushed up, cost what it may. As for you and me—henceforth there can be no question of happiness between us. My love for you must be a thing of the past."

Nora watches him with a stiffening expression She begins to understand fully. For the first time in their eight years of married life his sentiments of protection for her helplessness have been put to the test.

There is a ring at the bell. Helmer starts. Probably this is more ill news; maybe Krogstad himself. Helmer opens the door, seizes a letter which is handed to him by a messenger, and returns, hastily tearing it open. In his fear he trembles and mutters like a drunken man. He reads a few lines and then, with a cry of joy: "I am saved! Nora, I am saved! Krogstad sends you back your promissory note. He says that a happy turn in his life . . . . . "

Her motionless silence rouses him for the first time in the evening to a consideration of her feelings. "Don't you hear, Nora? What is this set look on your face? I have forgiven you, Nora—I swear I have forgiven you."

Now that his terror is over, not for what threatens her but for himself—it seems to him as though nothing has happened. Nora is again his lark, his doll, of whom he must take twice as much care in the future because she is so weak and fragile.

She turns toward her own room suddenly.

He calls after her. "What are you going to do?"

"To take off my—doll's dress," she replies.

In a few minutes she returns, dressed for the street. He stares at her in bewildered surprise. Her face is cold and set. She motions him to a seat. "Sit down, Torwald; you and I have much to say to each other."

She regards him with the quiet determination of a woman who has analyzed the situation deeply and sees clearly what is to be done. "Doesn't it strike you that to-night is the first time during eight years and more, that we two, man and wife, have exchanged one serious word about serious things?"

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

ALLA NAZIMOVA

The Russian Actress, who has acquired an international reputat[illegible] for her [illegible]terpretations of Henrik Ibsen's plays One of her present successes is the part of "Nora" in "A Doll's House," which is considered Ibsen's most charming play

"Why, my dearest Nora, what have you to do with serious things?"

"There we have it! I have had great injustice done me, Torwald, first by father, and then by you. It is your fault that my life has come to nothing. Father used to call me his doll-child, and played with me as I played with my dolls. Then I passed from father's hands into yours. I lived by performing tricks for you, Torwald. But you would have it so. Our house has been nothing but a play room."

He acknowledges that there is some truth in what she says, exaggerated though it be. Henceforth it shall be different. Playtime is over; now comes the time for education, Nora's and the children's.

She shakes her head sadly. "I must try to educate myself. I must think things out for myself and try to get clear about them. I must stand quite alone if I am ever to know myself and my surroundings; so I cannot stay with you."

"Nora, you are ill; you are feverish; I almost think you are out of your senses." What are Nora's duties to herself as a human being compared with her duties to him and her children?

"I have never felt so much clearness and certainty as to-night."

"Then there is only one explanation possible. You no longer love me."

"No; that is just it. Oh, I'm so sorry, Torwald; for you have always been so kind to me. But I do not love you any longer. It was this evening when the miracle did not happen. Then I saw you were not the man I had imagined. In that moment it burst upon me that I had been living here these eight years with a strange man, and had *borne him three children!*" Her voice breaks in anguish. "Oh, I can't bear to think of it! I could —tear— myself to pieces!"

After a moment she continues: "Up to this evening it never occurred to me that you would think of submitting to that man's conditions. I was convinced that you would say to him: 'Make it known to all the world,' and that then you would come forward, take everything upon yourself, and say, 'I am the guilty one.' That was the *miracle* I waited for and dreaded."

"You think and talk like a silly child."

"You mean I would never have accepted such a sacrifice? No; certainly not. It was to hinder that that I wanted to die."

Suddenly he realizes how empty his life will be without her. He implores her to wait until the morrow.

For answer she lays her servant's keys on the table, and her wedding ring "I release you from all duties now. When a wife leaves her husband's house as I am doing, I have heard that in the eyes of the law he is free from all duties toward her."

"I must help you if you need it."

"No, I say." With quick indignation, "I take nothing from *strangers*."

There is an abyss between them which he must endeavor to fill up.

"Nora, can I never be more than a stranger to you? I have strength to become another man."

She looks at him unbelievingly. "Oh, Torwald, then the *miracle* of *miracles* would have to happen—both of us would have to change so that—that communion between us shall be a marriage." Sadly, "Ah, Torwald, I no longer believe in miracles."

"*But I will believe!*"

She looks at him earnestly. Perhaps an understanding of her present purpose in its ultimate good to both of them has come to him. Maybe, when his doll is taken away he will have strength to become another man.

She takes her travelling bag. She lingers a moment in the doorway. She will often think of him, and the children and this house.

"Good-bye, Torwald!"

She is gone.

He hears the reverberation of the heavy outer door closing. He sinks into a chair with his face in his hands.

Then he raises his face. Hope and courage for action shine there. "Ah! the miracle of miracles!"

BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS

BY MARGARET KENNA

ILLUSTRATED BY F. H. DILLON

MARVEL had been disappointed in love. He had laid his worship at the feet of a girl who was about to be married. Sometimes such an affair is like a soft white cocoon, whence an exquisite butterfly goes forth to the sun. Sometimes it is quite otherwise.

Dorothy Clemence had been married more than a year, and Marvel had grown quite used to meeting her. Across a crowded room he frequently recognized the rosebuds in her bonnet. He smiled to think that there could be distinguishing rosebuds; but when he made his way to them, Mrs. Cherrington was always there, and Mrs. Cherrington's placid mouth always broke into a smile of welcome His heart no longer fluttered to his lips, and he had even been brave enough to dine twice with the Cherringtons

Those who loved him least said at the club that Marvel's career had finished with the unrequited tenderness for Dorothy Clemence. Those nearest his heart said that this had been but the beginning of his life.

"Mr. Marvel needs a little rest and adventure, don't you think?" Dorothy had asked her husband, as the gentleman in question stood at their carriage one afternoon

"I think it is only that he is standing under a bar of strong yellow sunlight," Cherrington gently replied.

"I am about to have a little adventure," said Marvel. "There is a promising little boy out in Manitoba, and I am thinking of bringing him here to Ottawa. He is one of the Cranberry twins, Mrs. Cherrington. If anything happens to me, will you and your husband look after him?"

"We will indeed joyfully," promised Dorothy, as her carriage swept away.

So one day in springtime, Marvel and Bobby Flax paddled over the Red River to take the express to Ottawa. Marvel lit his pipe and smoked it, watching the paddle swing in Bobby's small hands. He thought the boy's jeans fitted him rather sparingly, but he also thought Bobby's mother must be a very dexterous young woman to turn out such neat homespun.

When they got into the train, Marvel's protégé took off his hat and crossed his feet. Taking off his hat

MARVEL AND BOBBY PADDLED OVER THE RED RIVER

was a dramatic performance with Bobby, for he had a superb young head, with an ethereal lot of curls twisted bewilderingly about it. They were the soft, flaxen curls which the French dolls have in the windows on Main street, and they were strange upon this brown boy. They gave Marvel twinges of reproach, too; Bobby's mother had the same curls.

"Do you think you will like it, Bobby?" he asked.

"Yes," he murmured, and a smile wrinkled his shy mouth.

Marvel reflected that hitherto the lines had not fallen in happy places for Robin Cranberry. That was his real name; "Bobby Flax" had come with the curls. His father was a disconsolate farmer. Misfortune which other farmers did not know trailed after him everywhere. The crowning disaster had come one night, when his house burned to the earth, and left him and his wife and children a naked group at the mercy of the winds. Bobby's mother had caught cold that night. She was a very young mother, and Bobby was the first in a long flight of steps

From the time he was able to toddle, he had sold baskets, which his mother made, to the ladies in the hotel. Marvel first saw the boy when his father leased a farm near the Springs, which was part of the Marvel property. The young man liked his fine brown face and his pathetic little energies, and resolved to give him a career. He wrote to Ottawa, and succeeded in getting him a place as page in the Senate. It had been a keen and delicate affair, kidnapping Bobby, but Marvel's diplomacy was equal to the occasion, and at last they were on their way to Ottawa together

"It's very pretty in here, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," Bobby rejoined. "I've often sold baskets for mother in these trains, but I never sat down in one before. You can see yourself in the looking-glass, too. I wish mother could see herself in a good looking-glass," he added radiantly.

"Your mother is a beautiful woman," Marvel said softly. "I know only two women whose faces compare with hers. One is a dear friend of mine, a Mrs. Earle, and the other a Mrs Cherrington."

"Will I see them?" Bobby breathed.

"Perhaps," Marvel said. "I have adopted you, Bobby; and if anything should happen to me, Mrs. Cherrington has promised to take care of you."

He bought a lot of illustrated papers for the boy, and then strolled into the other car to smoke. The vivid figures in Life and Pictorial Canada were quite old friends to Bobby. The dining room at the farm was papered with them. He looked at them all, and then curled up on the velvet seat and went to sleep

The journey was long and a little wearisome to the boy, but when they stepped off the car in Ottawa, deep flushes rose in Bobby's cheeks, and he trod fast upon Marvel's heels. It was raining, and a cab carried them away. The dome of the Parliament Building was very white against the quiet sky, and the green wilderness about it sharpened the picture to Bobby's enchanted eyes.

Marvel was thinking too deeply to speak. He took out Mrs. Cherrington's letter.

"If, in case anything should happen to you," he read, "little Bobby Flax is to be an inheritance to me, let me offer a few suggestions. Do not fit him out anew to take him to Ottawa. Let him travel there in the modest clothes which came from his mother's fingers. Make him feel that his career is within his grasp. Take him to a modest apartment to live. Wait until he is very much older to give him glimpses into the sumptuous life of the club. Train his hands to toil, and talk to him at night about God and his mother. It would be much easier to indulge so sweet a boy, but you have his body and soul in your keeping."

And Marvel had obeyed her orders. The cab stopped at a white frame house near Parliament Buildings. The pillars along the porch were wrapped in ivy. Swiss curtains fluttered in the windows, and a pot of primroses stood

on the steps. Bobby's home was to be as simple as Mrs. Cherrington could wish.

"Bobby," said Marvel after breakfast, "I want to tell you why I brought you to Ottawa in a suit of your mother's homespun, instead of ordering clothes for you from my tailor. There are handsomer clothes in the world than those of your mother's weaving, but there are none so good for you to wear. Your mother is very young and frail, Bobby—very young and frail indeed, and very pretty. She will be a beauty in the gowns you can buy for her here. Your father's health is broken; his spirit is broken too. You must take his burdens upon your back. You will have your salary every month, and I will help you.

"The boys smoke cigarettes about Parliament Buildings. You will wish to smoke them, too. You must think always that the money that you would put into a package of cigarettes would buy a bunch of ribbon to nestle at your mother's throat; and when you walk those stone floors, do not forget that one day she is coming up to sit in her calico dress among those gorgeous women in the gallery, and to claim you as her own. And there is another—the beautiful woman who has promised to take care of you if I should die or go away. She told me to say these things to you. She knows your mother. She used to give her ribbons and candy when you were a baby."

THE CAB STOPPED AT A WHITE FRAME HOUSE

Bobby had dropped his eyes. His black lashes were wet. Marvel affected not to see this as he turned up his trousers, and took his umbrella.

"We will walk over to Government Buildings now," he said. "It is a quarter to nine, and you were to report for duty at nine o'clock."

Bobby did report. He answered the questions quietly, with dignity, and without embarassment, and Marvel watched him make his fluttering signature.

He was soon as deft as any other page. He flashed through the narrow aisles, carrying books and letters. He listened to the speeches, treasuring the humorous parts. Marvel came in to lunch with him sometimes.

"My mother has so many little children," Bobby said wistfully one evening, "and at night she is so tired. I can just feel how tired she is; and she looks so pretty in her nightcap, by the log fire. Did you ever see her in her nightcap, Mr. Marvel?"

"No," said Marvel, with sparks in his dark eyes.

"I can buy her a lot of pretty nightcaps, and when she comes to visit me" —Bobby rose and walked the floor— "when she comes to visit me, I will have the nightcaps and a pair of soft slippers on the foot of her bed. I used to take off her shoes and stockings, and her feet are as pink as roses. You'd never think she'd been up and down the hill to the spring three times a day ever since I was born. She's only twenty-eight, and she's never been in a train or on a boat."

The summer deepened, and the session lasted. Bobby gave up the hope of going home to bring his mother back for a visit. She wrote him that she had a very bad cold, and alarm filled his little soul. It was a silent alarm. The issues in Bobby's young existence were all silent ones.

One day a young woman strayed into the Senate chamber. She was a very slight creature, and she had slipped past the door-keeper. He called to her that women were not permitted entrance there. Two or three men told her so, too, as she passed them on the way in.

A white haired old Senator was just rising to the supreme sentence in his speech. He was near the door, and she tremulously touched his arm. She had come through the rain in a white muslin dress. Her sun-bonnet fell to her shoulder, and her flaxen hair fell with it in damp curls about her face.

"Take this young girl out," said the Senator to a doorkeeper.

"I am not a young girl," she said. "I am looking for my little boy. I wrote to him to meet me at the train. I guess he didn't get the letter. Do you know him?"

"My dear young lady, he is not here, and you are transgressing the law. No woman is admitted to this floor."

"He must be here," she said, and her eyes traveled everywhere. They were large, strong eyes, and they seemed to baffle even the sunshine as they searched the faces that were turned to her.

"Where can I find him?" she cried.

The women in the galleries bent their glasses. The Senators strolled down the aisles. In her anguish and embarassment she was like a piece of marble. The sergeant-at-arms spoke to her, but she did not seem to hear. Then he laid his hand upon her, pushing her gently toward the door. It swung open, and Bobby Flax ran in. His forehead wrinkled roughly, his soft eyes seeming to have caught fire. He looked like a very young avenging angel.

"Do not touch her," he cried, pointing with his brown finger. "She is my mother!"

He ran to her then, and flung himself into her arms. He tore away the wet bonnet from her shoulders, and shook the rain from her hair. Her merry laughter went through the white chamber.

"I am very sorry," she said simply, turning to the Senators. "It was a pity to trouble you, but"—and her eyes flew blithely around the room—"I had been looking for Bobby all day in the rain"; and taking Bobby's hand she vanished

The white haired old Senator rose. "I move that we adjourn," he said, with deep resonance, "out of respect for Bobby and his mother."

Mrs. Cranberry paid Bobby a long visit. Marvel spent the afternoons with them, and they went everywhere. She was very picturesque in her print dress, and her white bonnet, with the flaxen curls beneath. Sometimes, in the dimness of a great church, Marvel found himself wondering how he could ever have thought that her beauty lacked fibre. Under the purple and crimson tints of the stained glass, there was something almost mystical in her fairness. The hardness of her lot had wrought little hollows in her pink cheeks, and left shadows about her eyes, but the curls made her look wonderfully like a child, and big, bright smiles kept slipping over her delicate mouth.

At last the train rolled away that carried her to the West. Bobby consoled himself with the thought that winter would soon be over, and he and Mr. Marvel would go back to the farm for the summer. At Christmas, he sent his mother a lavender shawl, to wear to church, with the hope that her cold was well. He told her the pretty

things people said of her, finishing with the warm assurance, "I love you. And I am not the only one. Mr. Marvel loves you too."

It was the coldest Christmas Bobby had ever known. The mails were late, and the wires were frozen. Among Marvel's belated letters, there came a note to Bobby.

My dear Son:—Your mother died yesterday—Thursday. It wasn't no use to telegraph. We shall bury her to-morrow. Don't come home; there's nothing you can do, Bobby.

Your father,
DICK CRANBERRY.

Marvel was at the window looking out into the street, as Bobby read his letter.

"Some little boys are snowballing each other on the avenue," he observed, turning around. "In the name of God, Bobby, what is the matter?"

"My mother is dead, Mr. Marvel," he said softly. "She has been dead a long time. She died Thursday—Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday"—he counted on his fingers—"Mr Marvel, my mother has been dead six days."

Marvel took his pipe from his lips, and the sparks in it rolled out and burned his scarlet dressing gown. He sat down quietly in a big arm chair.

"Come here, Bobby."

Bobby rose and walked to him.

"Your mother is dead, Bobby," he began, with a deep tremor in his tones. "My mother is dead, too, and I know what you feel. I know all the things which you cannot possibly tell me." He ran his fingers through Bobby's hair, and played with one of his curls. "My mother was not so young as your mother, when she died. I was not as young as you, either, but I needed her then as much as you need your beautiful mother now. I was not good like you, Bobby. I was a man of the world. I cost my mother heartaches. It seems to me that she died that I might learn to live. At her grave, I gave my energies to my living, in remembrance of the dead. She loved churches, like your mother, and I built a church to her memory—a little chapel where the Ragtags and the Bobtails could come in their torn trousers and pinafores.

SHE TREMULOUSLY TOUCHED HIS ARM

"You are going to build a church like that now, Bobby—I will write the check in a moment—a little gray stone church among the trees. The doors will be wide enough to let in the biggest sinner, and the windows will be open, that the birds may flash in if they will. The bell in the steeple will offer its blithe invitation, and the gold cross will lift its arms bravely to heaven. Your little sisters shall trim the marble altar with flowers, and in summer Mrs. Cherrington and Mrs Earle will sing there. Who knows?" he murmured, dreamily. "The organ's soft tones may break up the storm in some forlorn heart."

AS MARVEL TALKED TEARS CAME TO BOBBY'S EYES

As Marvel talked, tears came to Bobby's eyes. His own tears trickled down, and were salt in his mouth.

"You made your mother's death easy and sweet, Bobby. Isn't it something for you to feel that from the first breath you drew, you were a pleasant thought in her young life? And when you begin to bear it, and to live again, you will feel that it is better to have her up there——"

Bobby's eyes closed. Marvel laid him down, and pulling his scarlet dressing gown together, dropped on his knees,

THE MAGICIAN

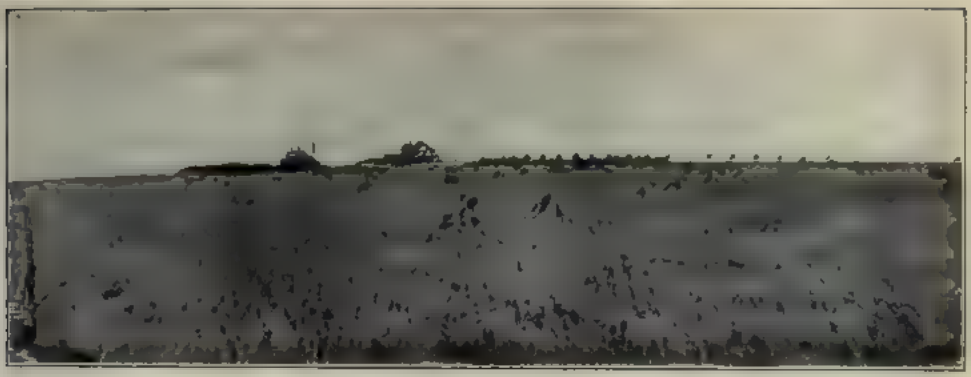
BY HORATIO WINSLOW

THE show is ended and the swarm
  Of children gather to implore
The way of cooking cakes in hats,
  Or growing fifty flags from four.

The wise magician only smiles,
  And puts them off as best he may,
For well he knows that all the spell
  Will vanish if he tells the way.

O Master Conjurer of All,
  Perhaps it would be better fun
To sit and simply watch the show
  And never bother how it's done.

—*Wander Songs*



THE GOOSE LAKE COUNTRY WHERE THE FARMERS ARE TROUBLED BY OVERMUCH WHEAT

INTERBRAIDING PATHS

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IF YOU walk down the Strand often enough, you will meet everybody you know in the civilized world—so it is said. My experience has proven the saying to be truer than most entertaining generalities are. But the coincidences of the Strand are commonplaces alongside the happenings of the plains, the meetings of the forest, the passings on the distant river. Let me recount a few of them that happened on one trip between Port Arthur and Edmonton

We pulled out of Port Arthur on the Alberta Express of the Canadian Northern—seven literary geniuses from Chicago and the Middle West: Richard Grigg, His Majesty's Trade Commissioner for Canada; John Lewis, editor of the *Toronto Star*; J. B. Tyrrell, who has lived half a generation on northwestern plains, in northwestern woods, and on northwestern waters; Herbert Vanderhoof, the editor of CANADA-WEST; and myself, whose only title to notice is that I am less than the least of all saints

When you go out to see the country, to imbibe facts and sense conditions, you forget to look for the unexpected, and only half recognize it when it comes. And yet paths of long-sundered acquaintances cross in the unlikeliest places. Which suggests another idea—if so many friends meet in unlookedfor places, how many just fail to touch hands because they do not know who is in their neighborhood? Perhaps behind that bluff, or over that ridge, or across that creek, there is somebody you know, but will not chance to meet. How big a world this is, and how small a place.

* * *

We were collected from many places. Coming up from Sarnia someone had said it was curious we carried nobody from New York; and that we were an insufficient apology for even a small cosmopolis, without some New York ingredient. Chicago men heard this in a silence that was not distantly related to scorn. Who wanted New York, or anything like New York? Well, at Port Arthur, New York came and was received with all the geniality to which it was entitled—perhaps because it was a New York edition of Chicago, and before that, a Chicago edition of Winnipeg.

Nobody thought of meeting Harstone at Port Arthur. He went to New York years ago from the *Inter-Ocean*. And Vanderhoof and Jones, Little and Green, who had worked with him in the old days, thought he was in New York still So he was except that he was holidaying in Port Arthur,

and blew in on the bunch like a flower on the lap of early May. He went as far as Fort Frances with us.

* * *

In Winnipeg, while Little was giving out statements to local reporters, there was brought to the group the associate of a Winnipeg business man, newly friended that morning.

"Mr. Little, let me introduce my partner, Mr. Latham."

"You will do nothing of the sort, sir," said Little, with a miserable attempt at severity. "I have known your Mr. Latham ever since I began to know myself down in Bloomington, Illinois; and I haven't seen him since he began to shave, have I, you son of a gun of a Latham—and how in thunder are you?"

Here was an introduction that wasn't, with the baffled introducer delighted to be baffled.

* * *

"Dick" Little, of the *Chicago Record-Herald*, has really travelled—Cuba, the Philippines, Japan, Korea, Manchuria. He has seen a running Russian, and been in mortal danger of being arrested by Japanese soldiers. The day after the meeting with Latham we were at Saskatoon, city of resistless growth, centre of the greatest unbroken wheat growing area in the world; and home of dare-devil, unbroken automobiles. Four turned out to whirl us over admirable trails to the Goose Lake country, wherein the Canadian Northern was already laying steel for the comfort of five thousand farmers, troubled by overmuch wheat.

Little tucked his long legs—the legs that have secured for their owner the firm name of Little and Long—around the rear seat of an automobile, and, now talking, now singing, was halfway to Delisle before he noticed something familiar about the head of the driver, the owner of the machine. Then he reached his lanky arm, not quite as long as his carefully-bestowed legs, forward to the front of the driver's face, and tweaked his unoffending nose, whispering the while, "Charlie, me boy, this is a long way from Manilla and our friend Aguinaldo."

"Charlie, me boy" was not frightened—only astonished, and stopped the machine.

"My good garden stuff," said he, "I thought I knew that damned voice when it began to sing 'Bury me not on the Lone Pra-air-ie.' Dick, you villain, get out o' here so's we can shake hands. You're just as sassy as you used to be."

"Even so," said Dick, with profound meekness, and for the moment, forgot the field of wheat, and Saskatoon, and Goose Lake, and the town of Delisle, born happy with three elevators as its christening gift,—in talk of the war time that made them acquainted on the other side of the world. Wentz had ceased to be a military character, and had found more content in selling lumber to Saskatchewan Valley farmers than in scattering lead among the Filipinos. The automobile was not a possibility for him in the southern seas. On the western plains it was inevitable as to convenience, and negligible as to cost.

* * *

We did not stop between Saskatoon and Edmonton, so there was only the briefest opportunity for the Chicago man to discover the quality of the newer citizen who hasn't yet acquired an automobile. An exploration of what the sage of the party called "the heartsomest city of Western Canada", plus a trip through opulent farms to the Sturgeon River, left them scarcely time enough for lunch and one or two purchases.

Hiram Greene, walking with me down Jasper avenue, ran plumb against a Fremonter (Fremont, Ohio, gave Hiram his first peep of the world he is still conquering with the mightiest weapon known to man), beside whom he had dangled heels in the public school, and whom he had not seen since their adolescent days.

The Fremonter's story was brief, bright and brotherly. "Have I made any money?" replied he to Hiram. "I should say so. Come round and see my place—ten thousand dollars' worth of it, and all paid for. Jake is with me; and say, I wish you'd see brother Bob when you go back, and tell him to come here, right away. He thinks I'm kiddin' him when I write about this

country; but he'll believe you when you tell him that you've seen me and Jake and the place. Will you go see him, now?"

"You remind me of Dives—with a difference," said Hiram

"Who in helter-skelter is Dives?" asked the Fremonter. "Does he come from around home?"

"Dives is dead," ventured Hiram

"Oh, is he? Then I guess he never got away from Ohio. That's the difference between him and me. Say, Hiram, you were always pretty good at riddles. What's the difference between a Fremonter in Edmonton and Dives in—where do you say that fellow is?"

"Frank," said Hiram, "Frank, I'm sorry to see that much money-making has made you forget some of your American education Dives was dead before you came to Edmonton. He found himself in a hot, hot country, and he begged a former acquaintance whom he chanced to see while in that country for pity's sake to see his brothers, and tell them to make sure of going to a cooler climate. The difference between you and Dives is that you want your brother to join you in the cooler climate."

J. B. TYRRELL AND FATHER GIROUX

"You bet I do," said Frank, "I suppose Dives thought Canada was freezin' like hell all the time, and so went too far south because he didn't know the first good thing about the north. The north for mine. Tell 'em that in Ohio, and warn 'em about Dives. But first come around to my place."

* * *

While the Chicago boys were journeying south, there was a small dinner-party on the car they had left. Tyrrell had been out to Morinville to see the coal mines which have begun to pour their exhaustless beneficence into thousands of homes During the day there had joined us Mr. Mackinder, former Director of the London School of Economics, who was touring Canada on half a dozen important missions, one of which is the preparation of lectures on Canada for use in schools throughout the United Kingdom -a blessed piece of Imperialism mothered by the Princess of Wales. Mr. Mackinder was in Canada for the first time. That day he had already unexpectedly met His Majesty's Trade Commissioner for Canada whom he had hoped to meet in London a month earlier; and was not looking for more surprises

'Mr. Mackinder, Mr. Tyrrell," said I, and proposed to tell each

FATHER GIROUX TAKING HIS FIRST RAILWAY JOURNEY IN TWENTY YEARS

something about the other. There was no need.

Mackinder looked at Tyrrell, and Tyrrell, through his glasses, looked hard at Mackinder.

"The last time I saw you," said Tyrrell, "I heard you lecture before the Royal Geographical Society in London, on your ascent of Mount Kenia."

Mackinder was all smiles and cordiality.

"The week before that lecture I heard you, before the Royal Geographical Society, telling of your northern explorations. Why, that must be about ten years ago—not long after my return from a rather troublesome journey in equatorial East Africa. How very odd that we should meet again—here."

* * *

And so to dinner and its talk, ancient and modern—ancient because Mayor McDougall, of Edmonton, took us back to the days when railroads were hundreds of miles away from the Saskatchewan; and modern because His Majesty's Commissioner discussed the prospects of locating a correspondent of the Imperial Board of Trade in Edmonton.

Indeed, till Tyrrell and I pulled out for Winnipeg, by way of North Battleford and Dauphin, seven sons of the Empire were in session; one Scotch Canadian, born on the Red River; one Irish Canadian, born on Lake Ontario; one Welsh Canadian, born in Toronto; one imported Scotsman, and three Englishmen, partially imported.

At the preceding meal in the car, eight native republicans had blessed us with their wit and wisdom. Things change with fascinating rapidity in this Western country.

If only we had known, this love-feast of the seven sons might have been perfected by the addition of another of whom Tyrrell and I did not learn till next day, when, on the train we found Father Giroux, newly come to the prairies, on his way to Rome after twenty-one years in the North—eighteen between the mouth of the Arctic Red River and Herschel Island, to which the whalers from San Francisco annually resort, and three at Fort Providence, fifty miles from where Great Slave Lake empties itself into the Mackenzie. Tyrrell has explored the Barren Lands west of Hudson Bay, going to Chesterfield Inlet, up the unknown Dubawnt River; meeting Eskimos, photographing thousands of caribou, living for months on raw meat, starving on the coast of the Bay, and walking from Fort Churchill to Winnipeg in the depth of winter.

Father Giroux's experience was of another kind—for two decades he was two thousand miles from the fringe of Western Canadian civilization, holding aloft the Cross in terrible loneliness. When conducting the mission at Fort Providence, with its seventy-two Indian school children, his chief yearly anxiety was lest the fish, coming out of the lake to spawn, would not stay in the river long enough to allow the Mission men to catch the thirty-six thousand that were necessary to keep his flock alive

When Father Giroux went north, Edmonton was a frontier post, two hundred miles from a railway station. He returned to find it a famous city, a converging point of three great railways, the noble capital of a Province already webbed with telephone wires. The peace and solitude of the North had produced in him a voice of singular quietness. But he was abreast of what had been going on in the world, and he was on the way to Rome to vote in the election of a new General Superieur of the Oblates, of whom he is one of the noblest. He was also able to give us news of friends

"Did you meet Stefannson?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes. I saw him on—let me see—yes, it was the sixth of July, at Providence. You know Mr. Stefannson?"

"Mr. Tyrrell and I saw him off at Toronto early in May. I didn't expect to hear of him again for eighteen months. Was he well?"

"Quite, and looking forward to a winter's study of the Eskimos he hopes to meet three hundred miles east of the mouth of the Mackenzie."—A pause. —"I hope he will come back. You have no doubt of it?"

I said I didn't know. The good Father had also seen Miss Cameron and her companion, whom I met in Chicago last May when they were ready for their trip to the mouth of the Mackenzie. He knew also some of Tyrrell's old Yukon acquaintances.

* * *

Tyrrell left me at Warman to go to Prince Albert and come down to Dauphin over the Canadian Northern, which traverses country he had not been in since he explored it for the Dominion Geological Survey in 1887, 1888 and 1889. That evening, Father Giroux having returned to the sleeper, I was sitting in Number Fifteen, musing over the meetings of this trip, and telling myself that the journey east would give me a spell of rest from the excitement that belongs to trying to tell people who other people are, only to learn that they met long before they ever thought of you, when Clarke, who had joined me at Warman—Clarke is the encyclopædic photographer of Western Canada—offered me one of the rare interruptions that affect the constancy of his smoking.

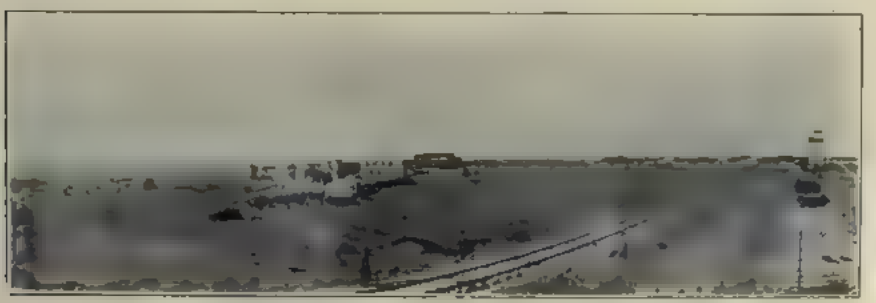
HIRAM GREENE

"Curious thing in Saskatoon last night. I went to a moving picture show, and when my eyes got accustomed to the dim light, I recognized the man sitting next to me. It was Jackie Spendlove, for whom his family have been hunting high and low for seven years. His father wrote me from Bristol last spring, saying they had tried hard to locate him in Australia, and had lost the trail. And here was Jackie in Saskatoon last night. Too bad about Jackie."

"Ne'er-do-well?" said I. "No, indeed. He's doing very well. He made a fool of a marriage. Some actress set her cap at him for the sake of what she thought was coming to him later. There was every kind of trouble, and Jackie, knowing his people in England thought he was in Australia, came to Saskatoon, where he thought he would never be discovered. Did you ever come across anybody like that?" I told him what had happened since I left Port Arthur.

"Print it," said Clarke.

I have.



THE TOWN OF DELISLE, BORN HAPPY WITH THREE ELEVATORS AS ITS CHRISTENING GIFT

THE RIGHT ANGLE

GREETINGS

MERRY CHRISTMAS, and in the year to come may nothing you dismay.

Above all, it is what we do that counts, not what we say, or believe, or dream. The Christmas wish is a graceful thing, but to have honest value it should live, and find translation into acts. Christmas comes but once a year, but its spirit should live the twelve month through. If it does not, with each of us, then is our wish vain.

With this in mind, let us wish each other heartily "A Merry Christmas" once again, and "God bless us, one and all."

THE OFFICE BOY

IT WAS not the author's personal experience. This refers to Mr. Kiser's "Sonnets of An Office Boy," and is a reply at large to a good many inquiries from various and sundry. The inquiry should flatter Mr. Kiser, because it is a compliment not to his "experience," but to his power to transmit and transmute his observation. Mr Charles H. Webster, of the Board of Trade of Calgary, is one of the latest to want to know; and he adds: "The sonnets are very true to life," as indeed they are.

"Can you inform me if 'More Sonnets of an Office Boy' is yet in book form, and if so what is the price of the publication and the style of binding?" asks R. A. Culder, of Arcola, Saskatchewan. Mr W. H Gregory of Mitchell, Ontario asks "Will you kindly advise me if you have yet published in book form Mr Kiser's 'Sonnets of an Office Boy,' which have been running in CANADA-WEST, and if so, the price of same, post paid. The 'Sonnets' are a treasury of light comedy." To both of these and the rest of the many others who have asked the same thing, the information is here imparted that "More Sonnets of an Office

JAMES FISHER, K.C

The distinguished Canadian who contributes the humanly Christian article "Christmas Redivivus" to this number of CANADA-WEST

Boy" have not yet been issued in book form, but on account of a general demand from everywhere they will be, in time for the Christmas season. Publication will be made by Vanderhoof-Gunn Company, of Winnipeg.

THE VOICE OF AUTHORITY

MR. W P. HINTON, whose illuminating paper on "The New Confederation" appears in this number of CANADA-WEST, is one of the most widely known railway men in Canada. As Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Grand Trunk Railway, Mr. Hinton has travelled the country repeatedly, collecting the information upon which his present article is based. His knowledge is accurate and complete, and his conclusions therefore have the soundest value.

STOP THE LIBEL

CANADA is too big and too rich and under too much momentum to be held back or badly hurt by any man or group of men. Her place in the vital affairs of enlightened nations is too clearly defined for that. But a libel running unchecked for a dozen years grows tiresome. No country can sit under continuous misrepresentation without being irritated, any more than an individual could. That is why Arthur Stringer's first paper on "Canada Fakers" has drawn so much hearty applause at home, and caused such a stir abroad.

Mr. Stringer is a Canadian, whose years in active life thus far have been devoted to literature. Stories and articles, essentially Canadian in setting and sentiment, have appeared under his name in *Harper's Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Everybody's*, *Putnam's*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *The Red Book*, *Town and Country*, *Amslee's*, *The Canadian Magazine*, *The National Monthly*, *The Metropolitan*, and many other periodicals. His first book, "The Loom of Destiny," was written while he was engaged in newspaper work at Montreal, and is largely laid in Canadian scenes. His "Lonely O'Malley" is a

W. P. HINTON

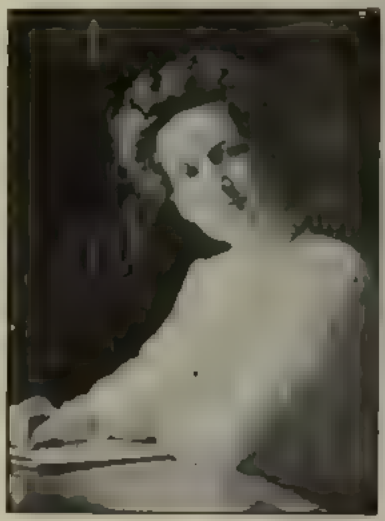
study of Canadian boy-life. The "Chamboro" of that story has been identified and "written up" as a faithful picture of Chatham (Kent County), Ontario. Another of his novels "The Silver Poppy," is part Canadian, and has been published in Canada, the United States, England and Australia (In the States it has already gone through five editions.) His "Canada Fakers," first published exclusively in CANADA WEST, has aroused keener interest and been reprinted more widely than anything else on any one Canadian topic these many years

Some of Mr. Stringer's work has been translated and republished in Europe, especially in Sweden and Denmark. Only an author of real power and fidelity can possibly transcend the boundaries of his own language and find publication in another. This might be an axiom, for it is primary in the knowledge of all who have any

familiarity with literature at large Mr. Stringer clearly comes within its scope, and his status would be thereby fixed even if it were not already in other ways. Such an attack as that he has made upon the blood-raw Canadian romance called for such a man. He has raised a breeze that will leave a cleaner state of things when it shall have passed. He has "fluttered their Volsces in Corioli," for that they have not writ their annals true

TO THE EARNEST INQUIRER

A FEW very earnest readers have asked why a certain explanatory foot-note appeared in the "Letters of a Remittance Man" in the November CANADA-WEST. In that note the Remittance Man undertook to inform his mother that oxen and horses are used alike for plowing in Canada. The Lady mother in England might have required some light on this agrarian circumstance, and it was to her innocently insular mind the explanation was addressed. It looked like a joke, but if it was one it would seem to have transferred its point to the shoulders of the inquirers.



MRS. NELLIE L. McCLUNG

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY

PEARL WATSON was Danny's sister. She went out to service with a farmer for three months, in expiation of a ten-dollar debt incurred by her father. During this exile, the events happened that make up Mrs. Nellie L. McClung's beautiful story, "Sowing Seeds in Danny," recently published by Doubleday Page and Company, of New York.

Whoever loves children will find joy in Mrs. McClung's book. There is nothing mawkish about it, and the grown-ups are as real as the little ones, though they are in small part as funny, as touching or as frank. The life and people of a small town in the older part of Manitoba form its background, but the real events are caused by and seen through the eyes of this twelve-year girl. Pearl Watson is a wonder of resourceful shrewdness, affection, industry, terrifying candor, and disregard of non-essentials. She is the deputy-mother of a very poor and very Irish family of nine, of whom Danny is the youngest. The actual mother is absent and professionally immersed in suds during daylight hours. Her management at home and her contact with the small but vivid outside are an energetic whirl, with herself at the centre

There has been no such child-story since John Habberton wrote "Helen's Babies." There has been no other writer who knows children and can talk of them so well since the benign poet who told us that:

"What leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food
E'er the young and tender branches
Have hardened into wood,

"That to the world are children
Through them we feel the glow
Of a warmer, brighter climate
Than greets our world below."

MRS. McCLUNG AND HER CHILDREN

Only one who has carried forward into mature years enough of childhood's faith, impressibility and unconscious wisdom could have written such a true and sympathetic tale. It brings back to the most worldly the best thing in life—the pleading thought of the time when everything was all alive, and all the world was young. Mrs. McClung has that temperament, evidently Before her marriage she was a schoolteacher. Then and afterward, when she had a family of her own to love and enjoy, she has had an environment of children, which explains the keen fidelity of her writing.

"DANNY" OUT FOR AN AIRING

POOR MR. PENGRAVE

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

Author of "The Gentleman Ragman," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LANGABAUGH

"POOR Mr. Pengrave!" Mrs. Granthum sighed, crossing her hands tenderly on her lap. "He is such a nice young man—nice, and nice-looking. He must have a mother somewhere."

When the mothers of marriageable daughters begin to realize that a handsome young man, who has a good position and draws a good salary and does not seem to have any bad habits, has a mother somewhere, it shows that that young man is attracting attention, if not consideration. It might very well be a matter of general acceptance that all strange young men have mothers somewhere, but you have noticed that not all of them are credited with such a possession.

ELLA

"What of it, mother?" Miss Ella Granthum asked, calmly. Miss Ella was not an old maid. Oh, no, gentle reader! But her nature was such as to make her ask that of her mother, after hearing her mother say that Mr. Pengrave was such a nice young man and must have a mother somewhere. I do not need to go on and describe Ella to you, do I? Is it necessary for me to set down the facts that she had pensive eyes and a backward disposition? But do not gather from this that she was homely. Bless you, no! All that Ella needed was to go to a modiste who called herself Madame So-and-So and had a sign in gold letters on brass, and give that modiste three hundred dollars, and tell her to get busy. After that Ella might have strolled into a hair-dresser's and had her hair puffed and coiled and rolled over artificial things and otherwise adjusted until it would look like a show-girl's coiffure. Then some high-heeled shoes, and the result of the modiste's hustling, and a Charlotte Corday hat to top it off—and you wouldn't have known Ella.

"What of it?" her mother asked, resentfully. It was as though she were intimating to Ella that if she (mama) had asked herself "What of it?" about twenty-five years ago, John Granthum would never have rejoiced in the gentle, helpful, far-seeing help meet he had secured.

"What of it? Nothing at all, Ella. I was merely thinking that, as Mr. Pengrave is all alone in the world—or at least all alone here—it would only be thoughtful if some one should try

to brighten up his Christmas day for him. I think that Christmas is a time when we should not stand so much upon formality, but should endeavor to scatter cheer and sunshine into the hearts of the sad and lonely."

"Mr. Pengrave isn't sad and lonely. He is always smiling or whistling."

"Maybe so, but what good is smiling and whistling going to do a body on Christmas day if he sees all the rest of the world getting remembrances from those who hold him in their kind thoughts?"

"I don't know."

"Of course you don't, Ella. I declare, you never would think of anything if it wasn't for me. You take after your poor, dear father in that respect. He seemed to always wait for me to think for him."

Ella did not say anything to this. She had heard a great many observations concerning her poor, dear father's absence of thought.

"Mr. Pengrave has been here fully six months, hasn't he?" Mrs. Granthum asked.

"Six months on the nineteenth of last month, mother," Ella answered, with the precise exactness of one who has been trained by precept and example to note and remember times, people and places.

"He hasn't paid any attention to any particular girl, has he?"

"Not that I know of. He never has called anywhere, and the only times he has gone out in society have been to church socials."

"That's the trouble with our young folks—especially the girls here. They are so afraid they will seem to be encouraging a young man that they won't even treat him with ordinary courtesy. When I was a girl it was different."

"Yes, mother."

"Well, anyway, I think it would be a Christian act on the part of somebody to give Mr. Pengrave some small remembrance—say a sofa pillow, or an embroidered necktie, or something like that on Christmas. His position in the bank certainly gives him social standing here, but what a stranger likes is to be made to feel that he is regarded as one of our own people."

"Who's going to give it to him?"

"Why can't you?"

"Why, mother, I hardly know him."

"That hasn't anything to do with the case, Ella. It's a matter of kindness and neighborliness and respect. You'd hate to have lived in a town six months and then be overlooked entirely on Christmas, wouldn't you?"

Ella agreed that she would, and at that her mother discussed in a running monologue the question of what Ella ought to give Mr. Pengrave. A nice penwiper, now, would be something he could keep right on his desk all the time and use every day, and every time he used it he would think of the giver. Again, a sofa pillow would be something that he would have in his room at the boarding house, where he spent his evenings, and every time his eyes fell upon it he would feel that after all it took a woman's touch to make a home out of a mere house. Oh, there were any number of things that could be given to a man, and any one of them would in time grow of itself to have a sentimental value to him. In the end Mrs. Granthum decided upon the pen wiper, however, because that showed that the giver wanted to lighten his daily toil. Ella agreed with her mother that a pen wiper was the thing.

"It will be so nice," Mrs. Granthum said. "It will show Mr. Pengrave that although he is a stranger in a strange land there are those who have sympathy for him in his loneliness."

She was perfectly satisfied now that Mr. Pengrave was lonely. The fact that in all the six months he had lived here he had not asked any girl if he might call on her was absolute proof that a bleak pall of loneliness was spread over his soul. It was somebody's duty to lift that pall, and when Mrs. Granthum saw a duty she usually tried to find some one to do it. The late Mr. Granthum might have given us a lot of information on this subject, but unfortunately he left no memoirs; just a comfortable lot of life insurance and a farm and the town residence.

Mrs. Granthum did not say to Ella that this flash of inspiration on her part—this idea of giving some gracious

little token to poor Mr. Pengrave—was to be a secret. Consequently when Ella came home next afternoon from a luncheon she had attended she nearly threw her mother in a collapse by saying:

"The girls think that's a good idea about Mr. Pengrave."

"The girls! What girls? What idea?" Mrs. Granthum inquired.

"Why, Florence Marion and Jessie Lynch, and Edith Tallett and Mary French. I told them what you had planned about giving some presents to Mr. Pengrave, and they said they thought it was just lovely, and they are willing to join in and give him something, too."

"Ella! Ella! Did you tell?"

Mrs. Granthum leaned back in her chair and rocked agitatedly back and forth while she allowed the fullness of Ella's tactical mistake to creep into her understanding. Ella sat calmly and watched her mother with just a shade of wonderment on her face.

"Yes, I told," she said, quietly. "You said you thought it would be fine to show him that we all had a fellow feeling and a respect for him, and "

"And they're willing to help, are they? Of course they are! The minxes! I suppose Florence Marion was only too glad to get a chance to throw her cap at Mr. Pengrave! The forward thing! She's always going into the bank to get him to change money for her. And Jessie Lynch and Edith Tallett and Mary French—to be sure they were just crazy to give him something! Ella, you *have* mixed things up!"

"But, mother, it's all right, isn't it, to ask them to help us make Mr. Pengrave have a merry Christmas? You said "

"Oh, I said! I said! And I said! And you *did*!"

"Did what?"

"Did nothing! Do you suppose I want to think up something nice and clever and then have those girls slip in and take all the credit away from me? Ella, if I hadn't had any more sense than you when I was young, I'd never have married your poor, dear father."

"I don't see what that has to do with this."

Mrs. Granthum pushed back a loose strand of hair and looked at Ella fixedly for a moment.

"Well," she said, "there's no use crying over spilled milk. I know those girls will try to outdo us, and we'll—No! We'll *let* them outdo us. Mr. Pengrave is a young man of refinement and delicacy of sentiment, I know, and it won't help those girls any when he sees how they've gone and made up a lot of expensive things for him. We'll give him the pen wiper, Ella, and we'll not scallop the edges, either."

Mrs. Granthum was all smiles and graciousness when, later in the week, the other four girls came to see Ella to discuss the making of their presents for Mr. Pengrave. Mrs. Granthum had recovered her equilibrium by that time, and she was delighted with the way the girls were entering upon this gentle, generous act. Poor Mr. Pengrave! He was such a nice young man, and he worked so hard and took so few social pleasures, and he must have a mother somewhere, and when these utterly unexpected presents were given him on Christmas day he would realize that he had made no mistake in choosing Winnipeg as his field of effort. It was most commendable in the girls, she said, to be willing to abandon for a time the frivolousness of their ordinary amusements and engage upon such worthy work.

"It's just as praiseworthy," she told them, "as sewing things for the heathen."

Florence Marion had selected a sofa pillow, worked in blue forget me nots, as her token of respect and esteem and sympathy in Mr. Pengrave's loneliness; Edith Tallett was doing a pair of house slippers for him; Jessie Lynch was making him a photograph frame, and Mary French was going to finish a hand-painted ash tray for him.

"Ella isn't as handy with her needle or with brush and paint as you girls are," Mrs. Granthum apologized, "and she is just making a simple little pen wiper. Just a plain, ordinary one, not even scalloped on the edges."

Now, poor Mr. Pengrave knew nothing of all this solicitude for his loneliness, of course. So far as he was

concerned, the whole world was going right along as it always had, and nobody had him in mind with regard to a Christmas gift—that is, nobody in Winnipeg.

Mrs. Granthum found business that took her to the bank several times before Christmas came around. Once it was to ask Mr. Pengrave to tell her how she should have her fire insurance renewed, again it was to consult him as to the best way of investing some interest money she had received. The mere fact that she had been renewing that fire insurance through the same agency for fifteen years did not make any difference; she wanted Mr. Pengrave's advice, and she got it. That interest money had been coming to her regularly every six months since the late lamented Mr. Granthum was gathered to his fathers and had been as regularly put into her savings balance that was drawing four per cent. interest.

"I'll do as you say, Mr. Pengrave," she told him "I'll just keep the interest money in my savings. You think that's as good a way as any for a woman to invest her money?"

"It is a simple way, Mrs. Granthum."

"That's what Ella said. You and Ella do think alike, Mr. Pengrave. And she has lots of confidence in you. Just this morning she said to me that I'd better just go by what you said about this interest money."

"That was very kind of her, Mrs. Granthum."

Business affairs being thus disposed of, Mrs. Granthum made so bold as to say, smilingly.

"You don't get around in society much, Mr. Pengrave."

"No. I've been so busy getting acquainted with my work here that I haven't had the time, Mrs. Granthum, but after the first of the year I'll be situated so that I can go more."

On her way home Mrs. Granthum wished Ella had made the sofa pillow, then she wished she had chosen the slippers, and again she wished she had thought of the photograph frame. A nice satin photo holder, say, with whatever Mr. Pengrave's favorite flowers might be worked upon it—and, sooner or later, Ella's picture in it! Oh, well, there would be time for that. How would that artful Jessie Lynch feel when she learned, after the first of the year, that Ella Granthum's picture was in the frame she gave Mr. Pengrave? Yes, after all, Ella should give him the pen wiper. Pen wipers are not so artistic, perhaps, as sofa pillows, and slippers and picture frames and ash trays—but even in the most rushed of business hours there is time for romantic meditation. But perhaps Ella would better scallop the edges!

MR. PENGRAVE

The day before Christmas the other girls brought their presents to Ella's home to show them. The sofa pillow was as fat and soft as it could be, and Florence had worked a garland of roses upon it, and had ruffled the edges and slipped pink ribbon through them. The photograph frame had been beautifully done, the satin, embroidered with blue forget-me-nots, was stretched tightly and smoothly over the cardboard, without a wrinkle or a pucker even where it was

pulled in about the oval opening, which gaped expectantly. The slippers were restful enough and easy enough to have soothed the sole of a minister of a congregation whose collections were slim and whose attend-

"ANYWAY, I DIDN'T GIVE HIM YOUR PENWIPER, ELLA!"

ance was light, while the ash tray, daintily decorated with a dove holding something green in its bill, was all ready for its baptism of cremated havana

Ella brought out her pen wiper.

"It's a simple little thing," Mrs. Granthum explained, diffidently. "Ella is so bashful and backward that she didn't want to give him anything so fine as what you are giving him, no matter how noble the impulse that actuates you all. But it's a good pen wiper—four inches across in the wide part, with six separate pieces of velvet—red, blue, pink, green, yellow and brown. And if I do say it as shouldn't, the edges is scalloped lovely and the herring-bone stitch for a border is cute."

"It is simply grand," said the others in chorus.

And then they all admired each other's gifts, and renewed their assurances that it was a grand and good inspiration that had led them to scatter sunshine along the gloomy path of poor Mr. Pengrave.

"How will we send them to him?" asked Jessie Lynch.

"Yes, that's the problem," observed Mary French.

"Send them?" exclaimed Mrs. Granthum. "I think it would take half the pleasure out of it if you did that. It'd be just like as if you was to say to Mr. Pengrave: 'Here, take this. You're all alone, and haven't got a friend in all this town that will come and wish you Merry Christmas to your face, but here's something for you. I haven't got enough kindness in my heart to bring it my self.' Send them? No I think it would be real nice and appropriate if we were all to go together and call on him at his boarding house and give him the presents and have a pleasant talk with him. The other boarders will all be away for Christmas, most likely, and poor Mr. Pengrave will be there all alone. It's a sad thing to be alone in a strange city among strangers on Christmas day. We really ought to have asked him to come here for dinner."

So it was agreed that this would be the kindliest way of delivering the presents, and on Christmas morning, chaperoned and piloted by Mrs. Granthum, who carried the pen wiper, neatly done up in tissue paper, in her hand, and marshalled the diffident Ella on her other side, the procession of dispellers of gloom and loneliness rang the boarding house bell. A weary-looking maid opened the door.

"Is Mr. Pengrave at home?" Mrs. Granthum asked.

"Yes'm. He's in the parlor."

"We'll go in," Mrs. Granthum decreed, and led the way to the parlor.

Mr. Pengrave was sitting on the sofa, talking with a bewitching young woman—a beauteous creature, with radiant eyes and pink cheeks, whom none of them ever had seen before. Some new boarder, doubtless, into whose society poor Mr. Pengrave had been thrown, perforce, by his loneliness.

"Why, Mrs. Granthum!" Mr. Pengrave said, rising. "Merry Christmas! I want you to——"

"Merry Christmas to you, Mr. Pengrave," Mrs. Granthum interrupted. "You know all these young ladies, I believe? My daughter Ella, and Miss Lynch, and Miss Marion, and Miss Tallett and Miss French?"

"Indeed, yes, and I am particularly glad to see you all this morning, for I——"

"You were lonesome, and we knew it, so we thought the least we could do would be to bring you some little trifles to show you that we people in Winnipeg believe in passing our Christmas cheer around. Miss Marion has brought you this sofa pillow, Miss Tallett these house slippers, Miss Lynch this picture frame and Miss French this ash tray. And——"

"But one moment, Mrs. Granthum. I thank you deeply for this generous evidence of friendship, and I want you to meet some one who is just as glad of it as I am. You must know——"

The beauteous creature who had been sitting beside him had arisen and was smiling and dimpling and eagerly awaiting the introduction. Mr. Pengrave blushed a rosy red and stammered helplessly, and the young lady helped him out with:

"*I'm* Mr. Pengrave's Christmas present, you know."

"His Christmas present?" Mrs. Granthum gasped, while the gift-bringers she had captained fell back in some disorder.

"Yes," Mr. Pengrave said, happily. "Allow me to introduce my wife. We were married this morning. We had to wait, you know, until I was sure that I was going to make a go of it here, and Mrs. Granthum, you have helped me wonderfully."

"Yes, indeed," chirped Mrs. Pengrave. "Almost every letter he wrote me had something it in about the way you were—were boosting him, he called it—by telling everybody how well he was managing the bank and how much confidence you had in him. And we are so glad to get all these lovely things. This sweet frame will just fit my photo, and Harold can never lay his head on this dear pillow and soil it, and the slippers and ash tray will make him so comfy when we get our own little nest furnished. Thank you so much for this!"

Mrs. Granthum rallied nobly, and felicitated the bride and groom, and her charges did as well as they could along the same line. Then they retired in good order and at the door Jessie Lynch said coldly that she believed she must hurry home. Mary French said she would go with her, and Florence Marion remembered a call she must make, while Edith Tallett had to go to the postoffice to mail a letter.

Mrs. Granthum and Ella walked home in silence. When they were indoors Mrs. Granthum laid a tissue-paper parcel on the table and said heartfully:

"Anyway, I didn't give him your pen wiper, Ella!"

CHESTNUTS AND CHEESE

PILGRIMS ALL

JUST a little laughter,
Just a little woe,
Just a flash of summertime
Till the roses go,
Just a little handclasp:
That's the toll you pay
If you go a-traveling
The Heart's Highway.

Through the sunny weather,
Under cloudless skies,
Oh, how fair the road is!
Oh, how bright Her eyes!
Sure there's not a danger
Could your soul dismay
When you start a-traveling
The Heart's Highway.

Nay, but not forever
Is the sun at noon;
Creeping shadows gather
Far too swift and soon:
Hold her hand the tighter
When the skies grow gray;
Only that brings morning on
The Heart's Highway!

OUR UNPROTECTED GAME

"FROST has written a treatise on bachelors."

"What does he call it?"

" 'Lives of the Hunted.' "

CLEANED OUT

WALKER—I wonder if there were any tramps in old Rome?

James—No fear. There were too many baths in that town.

THAT MAID

MAGGIE (calling upstairs) The gas stove went out, mum.

Mistress—Well—light it!

Maggie—It went out through the roof, mum.

McSlush Come up to the house tomorrow night; we're going to have a blow-out.

O'Shine—What's up?

McSlush—First anniversary.

O'Shine—Of what?

McSlush The cook has been with us a year.

—

"Your mistress tells me, Jane, that you wish to leave and become an attendant at a lunatic asylum—of all places. Why, what experience have you had?"

"Well, sir, I've been here three years."

Mistress—Now remember, Bridget, the Joneses are coming for dinner.

Cook—Leave it to me, mum. I'll do me worst! They'll never trouble yez again!

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This is not done by making the Record larger or longer, but by engraving more than twice as many lines to the inch as on the regular Record.

Thus Amberol Records can be used in the standard sizes of Edison Phonographs by the addition of a simple attachment or gear.

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requires an attachment comprising a change gear and a new reproducer. Your dealer has this attachment, will put one on your Phonograph at a moderate cost, and will explain it to you.

We will be glad to send to anyone, however, a booklet describing the new attachments, describing the Amberol Records, giving a list of the music now available on these Records and giving all the other information necessary to make it possible for you to get more than twice as much enjoyment out of your Edison Phonograph as you are now getting.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, Lakeside Avenue, Orange, New Jersey

EMERSON HOUGH

HOUGH AND HIS JUDGES

AN OPEN FORUM

Since the first announcement of Mr. Hough's serial, "The Sowing," the mails have been bringing letters of remonstrance or approval, many of them showing fine thought and grasp of the subject. As a mass, they constitute a discussion too important to withhold. Since the magazine presents Mr. Hough's work without endorsement but as a stimulus to discussion, space will be given each month to such letters as seem to us most pertinent or representative.—THE EDITOR.

VERY POOR "LOYALTY."

TO THE EDITOR:—Mr. Hough is right in his protest against our taking in the hopeless failures of London, and I have no patience with those who take lower ground and want anything England may send, bad as well as good. That many do this in the guise of loyalty does not entitle it to respect. It is a poor form of loyalty that would hurt one part of the Empire without helping another. "The Sowing" has been freely discussed here, and I have heard several—Englishmen, I am sorry to say—criticize it because it discriminates against the kind of refuse England herself does not want to keep. Why should we want it? The criticism is narrow, and unworthy a subject that is vital to England as well as to Canada.

It is nothing against a Londoner that he is poor, or uneducated. It is everything against any man if he is degenerate or degraded, no matter where he comes from. Canada wants Englishmen in preference to any other, but it does not want men from any country who cannot "make good" here.

If I have read "The Sowing" right, that is the position it takes. The things it says needed to be said, and I am glad you are printing them.

JOSEPH P. SAWREY.

Montreal, 31st October, 1908.

WHY CONDEMN THE ENGLISH?

TO THE EDITOR:—Re E. Hough's articles "The Sowing," will you please tell me why all this spleen is vented on us poor undesirable British citizens? I suppose I should specify Englishmen, for the large cities of Scotland and Ireland seem peculiarly free from offscourings according to our acute critic Mr. Hough. Shall I suggest that all this mudslinging is envy, jealousy, muck-raking, or shall I ascribe it to the same unreasoning impulse that prompts the impudent puppy terrier to bark and harry its venerable brother?

Is it not astonishing that we have so many real, respectable, nay *even well to do* persons of English birth in Edmonton who can plead guilty of coming from that terrible London (with its lurid Whitechapel)? And imagine—we have hundreds of just plain Englishmen, artisans, maybe (who of course are always slow and incompetent at their work), who nevertheless, despite the curse of English birth, succeed at various callings!

By the by, the illustrious Mounted Police are composed of Britishers with very few exceptions, and (shameful heresy) the greater proportion of that vaunted African contingent was British, invariably late of the British army, not a few of whom spoke with a Cockney twang! Will some native son refute the foregoing?

Again I note that no objection is ever taken to the investing of English capital. It is strange that worn-out England (with her weak-kneed, incompetent sons) *can* and *does* amass wealth to invest in Loyal Canada. No objec-

tion is ever made to receiving the benefits of our rotten fleet (it *must* be rotten) paid for by these wretched, despised Britishers and not by their jolly farmer friends of Canada.

Does it not seem a pity that it is only the Englishman in Canada who needs vindication? Can we imagine some of our critics in Sheffield, Leeds, Birmingham, yea, London? Will anyone tell me if the first Anglo-Saxon pioneers to Canada were British born or raised by some miraculous means at "——town" Ontario!!!? Was Wolfe born in Prince Edward Island?

WALTER JACOBS.

Edmonton, October 10th, 1908.

"WOULDN'T MISS IT FOR A DOLLAR!"

TO THE EDITOR:—Your October issue of CANADA-WEST received a few days ago, and allow me to express my great appreciation and hearty approval of the views expressed in "The Sowing.' The beginning I have not been able to read, as my copy of the September issue has not reached me. I wouldn't miss it for a dollar! I have got all the other numbers, for this year and am going to bind them.

If you could replace the September copy I would be greatly obliged to you. Wishing you continuous success for your splendid magazine, I beg to remain.

G. A. DE BARGAS.

Stavely, Alta., 15th October.

ENGLISH PREFERRED.

TO THE EDITOR:—Permit me as an Englishman born and bred to express appreciation of Mr. Hough's attitude in "The Sowing," having regard to colonization from England in preference to other countries. What he says about the congestion of London is true. His warning against receiving "the unemployable" from there would have less force if he referred to other cities of the United Kingdom, because it is from London that the most helpless and hopeless have come. His whole argument, as I read it, is a demand for capable immigrants from England and against English societies sending us those who are lost where they are, and could not "find themselves" anywhere else. Every Englishman who has lived in Canada long enough to know what Canada means to England, will applaud that argument—especially those of us who have seen the harm wrought by its contrary. "The Sowing" is a timely work. I am commending it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

WILLIAM GROCUTT.

Toronto, 3rd November, 1908.

THE EMPIRE'S PART IN CANADA.

TO THE EDITOR:—Mr. Hough's introduction to "The Sowing," printed with the first installment, states his thesis, but does not indicate his treatment as definitely as the extract that appeared in the July number, where he challenged the future of Canada as a part of the Empire, resting his question on England's possible failure to reshape her colonization processes so far as they shall apply to this country. The position he assumes would import the most serious of all possible consequences to England and to Canada if it were undeniably sound. But is it? And what is the point of this talk about England's duty to Canada, and Canada's to England? If there is any question at all, is it not in the last resort rather a question of the Empire's part in Canada than of Canada's in the Empire? These things are wide-sweeping. They proceed from sources deep below the surface, to ends far into the years.

There is a "problem," but it is not one affecting anything so transitory as a single policy of government. It is the problem of a race movement, and such problems have a way of working themselves out. Blindly, irresistibly, slow and dumb, unconsciously powerful as the progress of a glacier, they push their way across the world to the appointed purpose, unguided of men, propelled by the power that moves the stars and "hangeth the world's upon nothing." Governments, cabinets, ministers, policies, parties, strifes, concordances, all you will of human help or human hurt, go under them, unimpeding and unnoticed.

From the first Aryan drift it has been so with us, the people doing that

which was theirs to do, though they did not understand. And so it shall be in this last drift of the perfected Aryan to the final home of his race here, in the land that we call Canada.

Mr. Hough is said to look upon this as the "ultimate bulwark and stronghold of the Anglo-Saxon," and well he may, for so it surely will be. England shall become ancestral merely. Australia's physical geography will differentiate her people from the parent stock. Sub-tropical Africa can never be English save in possessory right. India is to have and to hold, not to be a home for us. The United States is no longer Anglo-Saxon, for new England has become latinized, the south has the stain of the black races in its very bones, the Atlantic coast is hebdomadal and of unguessable future, the Pacific coast has already succumbed to Spanish indolence and the fatal ease of an even climate, and the great valley of the Mississippi has filled with a heterogeneous stew from southern Europe and the Eastern Mediterranean. They have the language of England in the States, the same common law and a common literature, as well as commercial ties unbreakably strong. But the city directories are filled with the harsh nomenclature of a foreign rabble, and those in authority are "steins" and "vichs" and "bergs" and "skis" or worse. Physical environment and foreign infusion have already taken from the people across the border the Anglo-Saxon stamp, and that also is an act of omnipotence and must be for the best in the outcome of things, even though it has a lamentable look just now.

But here, in the big west and north, the last of the temperate zone with space enough for a mighty nation, with every favorable condition of climate, land-and-water distribution, and the one remaining continental expanse of soil in the world best suited to produce the staple foods of all mankind, is the manifest home and centre of Empire for the perfected Aryan, the Anglo-Saxon at his best. In these lands shall be the granary, the armory, and the power of the Empire, wherever may be its nominal head; and here shall be wrought out the history that shall make its name remembered in the far ages, until time grows dim.

We can assist though we cannot control this magnificent destiny. The one thing to do is to keep the country Anglo-Saxon, having a care that no foreign quantity shall be taken in beyond that which is congenial or of identical race origin, and so assimilable. Canada wants colonists from England, and England must give us real colonists, not "immigrants" merely. The way to receive these kindred is not a cloudy nor a doubtful one. It has been opened and proven in thrifty colonies at Lloydminster and Tisdale and other places, where Mr. Hough's "pale plants of the city" have been set out in well ordered fields, side by side with stronger brethren, and have taken healthful hold upon new life on a new soil. It lies with Canada herself to see that this way is used, and no other. The duties mutual to England and Canada lie in that direction. They are easy of discharge, and once they have been defined and taken up, we shall hear no more of the old complaints, nor any challenge of our future in the Empire. We shall become the Empire.

WILLIAM DUNSEITH EATON.

Banff, 9th October, 1908.